MABEL NORMAND ASKS AN AMAZING QUESTION ~ Page 4

Movie Weekly

April 19, 1924

10¢

Rex Ingram tells "Why I am Leaving the Screen!"

My New Leading Lady by Charlie Chaplin

Gladys Quartaro

Photo by RUSSELL BALL

Vol. IV **MOVIE WEEKLY** No. 11
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

APRIL 19th, 1924

	PAGE
"I Want to Die in the Last Reel!" Says Alma Rubens *By Alma Talley*	3
Mabel Normanl Wonders If She Should Have Married *By T. Howard Kelly*	4
"Three Weeks" (In Pictures)	6
Charlie Chaplin's New Leading Lady *By Grace Kingsley*	7
What Influence Wrecks Homes of Moviedom *By Louise Morgan*	8
My Own Story of My Trip Abroad *By Rudolph Valentino*	10
Francis X. Bushman (Art Portrait)	12
Why Rex Ingram Is Leaving Screen *By Ralph Willoughby*	13
"The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor" *A Revelation of Studio Life*	14
Woman's Greatest Possession *By Regina Cannon*	16
Are Vacations in Marriage Life Necessary *By Ruth Mabrey*	17
The Latest Photoplays *Reviewed by Carolyn Carter*	18
"The White Sin" (A Fictionized Photoplay) *By Charles Warnerby*	20
Whispers From the Studios	21
What Our Readers Think of Us	22
The Colonel Answers Questions	24

All manuscripts and drawings submitted for consideration are sent at owner's risk.

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. Charles A. Penn, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription $4.00 a year; in Canada, 50 cents extra for postage; foreign subscriptions, $1.00 extra. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents. (*Copyrighted 1924 by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.*)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

"I want to DIE in the Last REEL!" says Alma RUBENS

Noted *screen favorite* tells why she feels the "*happy ending*" in *pictures* is all wrong —*Tragedy* for her every time

By Alma Talley

"I hate happy endings," said *Miss Rubens*, "because they are usually so unlike life."

ISN'T it funny how we always want something different than what we have? It seems that life is just designed that way in order to keep us leaping about after things we never want when we get them. Or perhaps it is only variety we look for.

Anyway, there's the trite example of the comedian who wants to play "Hamlet," and the emotional actress who wishes she were the ingenue. And then there's the villain! Probably it is his lifelong ambition to be able to live to see the end of the picture. Why, in real life, villains have as many lives as the well-known cat, but in movies! Pouf! When the story is through with him, the hero knocks him over with a feather and "X" marks the spot where the body lies.

Yes, the poor villain's motto is: "Let me live."

That's one point of view. Which brings us to another, the case of a heroine who wants to die—screenically speaking, of course. Can you imagine such a thing, a heroine who wants to die? And it's her own idea, too; it isn't merely that seeing "Hamlet" has put notions into her head. It's just that we all get tired of too much of anything—ice cream, porterhouse steak, our best beau—and Alma Rubens is tired of "happy endings."

In fact, she even contemplates starting a rebellion against the "all's well that ends well" idea. That's all right, of course, but what about the things that don't end well? In movies everything does end well, but in real life it doesn't. In real life the heroine often marries the wrong man, the one who ruined our Nell, and often the hero's mine turns out not to have any gold in it, after all. And sometimes, even, if the heroine gets caught in the rain in her lavendar georgette, she catches double penumonia—and dies.

YES, that's the way things really are when they aren't glorified for the movies—and Alma Rubens, for one, is ready to put her foot down (not a large foot, to be sure, but an emphatic one), for more realism. She's tired of this eternal "happy ending."

"I want to die in the last reel," she insisted. What a wish for a beautiful girl like Alma! "I hate happy endings, because usually they're unlike life. And I think the public is getting as tired of happy endings as I am. Why is it that in good novels the worst often happens—but on the screen all the troubles must evaporate in the final fade-out? In the future, I think, an unhappy finish will be as much in order as it is in good fiction."

And speaking of good fiction and unhappy endings, etc., Miss Ruben's discussion was mostly apropos of her new picture, which she is now making—"Cytherea," the Joseph Hergesheimer novel which created a sensation last year.

ANYONE who has read "Cytherea"—and those who haven't have missed something good—remembers that the story is a tragedy of people groping about for happiness, for love, and ending in the death of the heroine. That is the role Miss Rubens is to play—a dark, exotic, fascinating lady, a role for which the beautiful Alma is admirably suited.

And Miss Rubens was delighted at the opportunity it offered of allowing her to die in the last reel, as she had been wanting to do. What a chance a death bed scene does give an actress to emote all over the place! No wonder Miss Rubens would welcome such an opportunity.

"Cytherea," on which she is now working, is to have not only a tragic ending, but a happy one as well. "Please everybody" is doubtless the producer's motto, so they are going to. The exhibitors, as is the custom where two endings are made —a recent innovation—will have their choice of the two last reels; so it all depends upon where you live whether you will see the lady die or whether they will let her live.

In any event, Alma will have her chance to die if she wants to—so all's well and everybody's happy.

Would I have been

asks Mabel Normand

Popular *screen star*, who has just come *East* from *Hollywood*, questions pathetically the tragedy of notoriety that seems to shadow her *public life*

By T. Howard Kelly

IT IS one thing to win fame and riches as a slender little girl, wearing a curl that strays and strays; to stand upon the silver summits of screen success, basking in the glory of popularity and power, while from below echoes upward the applause of a cheering world. And it is quite another thing for this little girl to find herself pushed down into a lonely, night - shadowed valley while from the ranging hills above comes the sound of accusation; of denouncement.

This is the thought I find in Mabel Normand's heart as she looks back a few paces into the past and realizes how very much alone she has faced the world on two occasions when Fate lifted its finger, and leveled accusations against her that threatened to plunge the actress down into the gloom of tragedy which stalked her path. She has come to realize that fame and fortune can be empty and forlorn things when they leave you all by yourself in the hours of crisis that visit the lives of rich and poor, famous and obscure, alike.

That is why Mabel of the laugh-provoking screen funnyisms is wistfully wondering today if it would not have been better, after all, to have married as she climbed the steep hillside to success. Perhaps, then, she would not have been so pathetically alone when forced to shamble back into the shadows.

Of course she cannot answer the question, as she would like to. She has not had the experience necessary to reply definitely to such a question. Miss Normand can only know that she is like a tired little girl who would like to lean her dark head against something of strong and inspiring human comfort, now that grim experiences have sapped some of the fine bravery with which she made two great fights against Fate.

"A husband," she mused in that childishly winsome voice of hers, "yes, maybe a husband would have check-mated the march of Fate through my life; for you must remember that everybody attributes my connection with the Taylor and Dines shooting affairs as the working of a Fate which seems to hover over me. At least, a husband could have fought for me against the hostility of a world that seems quick to turn against the person whose name is linked with scandal. And, still, thank heaven for this one thing. I can be sincerely grateful for the apparent refusal of my public to condemn without giving me a chance to defend myself," she declared, her eyes lighted by a glow of gratitude.

"A husband," said *Miss Normand*, "could have fought for me against the hostility of a public that seems quick to turn against the person whose name is linked with scandal."

SPEAKING of the Dines shooting, and how she has had to fight for herself all alone since that tragic New Year's afternoon, the little comedienne pointed out that Charlie Chaplin protected Edna Purviance in a very efficient manner.

"But there was no one to fight for Mabel Normand," she said sadly. Suddenly her slenderness tautened; her eyes blazed. Mabel was once more the courageous girl who has dared to go up and down the long, long trails alone, unaided and unshielded, "I'm not going to be the goat in this case. I'm not going to be led to slaughter. It isn't fair!" she cried.

As long as girls go up against the world, and challenge it for a high place in life's gallery of fame and success, there will always be an interested audience waiting and watching to see what happens. So it has always been with Mabel Normand ever since she left a Staten Island home, her big glowing eyes filled with hopes that materialized as she learned to make millions laugh.

She has been watched from near and afar, a lone, solitary figure of brilliance around whom many storms have broken, only to leave her carrying on somehow after they had spent their fury. Today, as she goes before the motion picture audiences in her personal appearance tour, thousands of eyes will seek in every gesture she makes, some tell-tale evidence; evidence which will reveal the yearning in her woman's heart for the coming of a man whose love and strength can protect her from whatever strife Destiny still intends investing her future with.

THE unaccountable killing of William Desmond Taylor in his Hollywood home several years ago cast its mysterious shadows over Mabel Normand. Her name, and that of Mary Miles Minter, was on every tongue for days and days after the director was found shot to death. There were nasty insinuations . . innuendo accusations . . . suspicions that frightened Mabel Normand and shook her with the mercilessness of a Fate that seemed to stop only at making her circumstantially guilty of Taylor's death. Of course such things were but vague, unpleasant sounds echoing from the confusing and contradictory mess of police, newspaper and scandal theories which ran riot after the murder. They were enough, however, to throttle Mabel Normand's being just as if some giant, ruthless hand had reached out and shaken her in an iron grip.

Now, reflecting upon the attempt to make capital of the fact that her chauffeur, Greer, shot and wounded wealthy Courtland S. Dines, the petite actress demands to know why she is always being called upon to defend herself from something . . . someone.

"I have never intentionally harmed anyone. Except indirectly, I had nothing to do with the two

happier if I'd MARRIED"

tragedies which have brought unfortunate notoriety to me and spelled my name in red all over the world," she said when asked if she had a vindictive nature, and wanted revenge for anything she regarded as a wrong to herself.

Mabel Normand's own version of the gun play that occurred in Dine's apartment was published in this magazine several weeks ago, and her statements back up the reiterated contention she now makes as to her innocence in the entire fracas that ended in bloodshed.

Greer, the chauffeur who was responsible for the trigger pulling, came to her employ highly recommended by Charles Ray. He had been in Miss Normand's bedroom several times to fix electric wires and make several minor repairs. But he had never trespassed beyond the role of a hired automobile driver insofar as his relations to her were concerned, she claims, thus emphatically quashing the innuendo stories to the effect that Greer fired at Dines because he was jealous of Miss Normand.

THE comedienne traces the shooting back to an event that took place Christmas Day, when Edna Purviance and Cortland Dines, whom she claims were engaged in spite of their recent denials of this, came to her house with an organ grinder and a monkey. Mabel told her visitors she was going out to dinner, but remained with them for a little while, clowning around with the monkey. Before they all left, Miss Purviance gave a box of handkerchiefs to Mabel's housekeeper as a Christmas present. This is a detail which must be remembered, she declares. The housekeeper rushed out to a store and bought a pair of brushes as a present to Mr. Dines. But the latter forgot to take them away with him.

"On New Year's Day, Edna and Cort telephoned me to come down to his apartment. I didn't want to go, but foolishly yielded to Edna's pleading. I had arranged to enter a hospital for an appendicitis operation in a few days. Consequently I could not touch liquor of any kind.

"My chauffeur had instructions to call for me at a certain hour. Much has been said," went on Mabel, "about his calling for me earlier than I asked him to. This is where the Christmas present point comes in. Cort started joking about how he had forgotten my housekeeper's gift. I called my house and told Greer to bring it right over.

"When Greer entered the apartment Edna was in the bathroom. Cortland Dines was with me in the one and only other room. At the moment Dines had a bottle in his hand. I didn't see the shot fired, but I do know that the oil man abused my chauffeur. It must be remembered that Dines is big and husky, while Greer is a little fellow, no physical match for the other man. Greer says he was afraid that Dines would strike him with the bottle. Perhaps Cort's well-known love of brawls, which is common knowledge in Hollywood, led my chauffeur to this belief. Anyway, Greer shot, with the result that everybody knows."

Mabel Normand admits that the pistol used was one that a director had given her in California. But she states it would have been easy enough for Greer to have taken it from her establishment without her knowledge.

And so, in the above way, Mabel Normand, famous first as a Mack Sennett star, and then in her own rights as a star-producer, told again of the second tragedy whose shadows have seeped into her life and filled it with the bitter knowledge that fame and riches do not suffice when one walks alone in the valley, forced by Fate to fight battles that try the hearts and souls of the strongest.

Mabel, as her admirers know her—the joyous, carefree laugh-maker of the movies.

The one and only *Mabel* in a scene from her latest comedy, *"The Extra Girl."*

Although Mabel Normand would not say so in so many words, I cannot help but believe that down in her secret heart, where she keeps a record of her tragic past, there is an answer to her self-put question regarding marriage. And that answer is:

"YES, I would have been happier if I had loved and married years ago. Life would have been kinder.

Sometimes we are forced by circumstances to look upon those who have been swept up to the mountain peaks of fame and fortune with eyes that see far beyond the glamor of lofty place. The things that have strewn Mabel Normand's pathway to high success and popularity with shadows, should make us wonder. After all, hasn't Fate made this slender little girl with a curl in the center of her forehead pay a heart-breaking price for he lonely place on the mountain peaks: a place from which she has been swept down twice into swirling shadows, poignantly alone in her two hours of tragedy?

"THREE WEEKS"

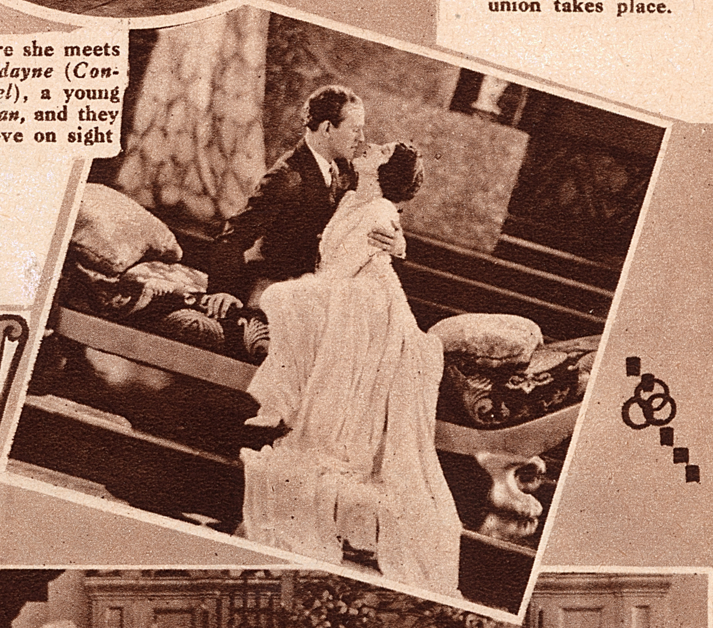
Elinor Glyn's famous Novel is Filmed

I.—Shamed by the open debauchery of her husband, the *King of Sardinia*, a *Balkan* kingdom, the *Queen* (*Aileen Pringle*) goes incognito to the *Swiss Alps*.

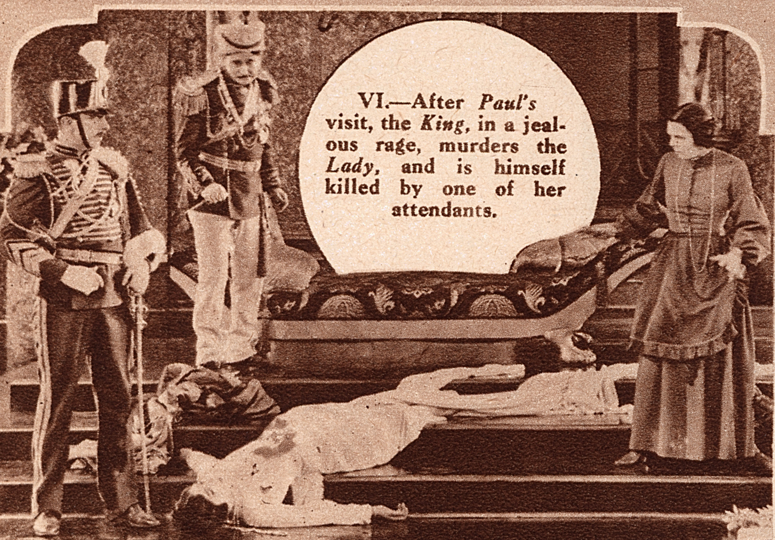
II.—There she meets *Paul Verdayne* (*Conrad Nagel*), a young *Englishman*, and they fall in love on sight

III.— The *Lady* decides that true love is noble and gives him her love upon a bed of roses.

IV. — Alarmed by spies sent by her husband, the *Lady* leaves her lover while he is asleep, forbidding him to seek her.



V. — Several years later, *Paul*, who had never learned her identity, is bidden to her villa and a loving reunion takes place.



VI.—After *Paul's* visit, the *King*, in a jealous rage, murders the *Lady*, and is himself killed by one of her attendants.

VII.—*Paul's* love continues and he sees their son crowned *King of Sardinia*.

Charlie CHAPLIN'S new Leading LADY—Lita GREY!

Lita Grey, the charming young person chosen by *Charlie Chaplin* to play opposite him in his next comedies.

Meet the charming young successor to *Edna Purviance* and others who will appear upon the *screen* henceforth with the comical *Charlie*

By Grace Kingsley

"HEY, Charlie is wrinkling over something! Come away from there!" It was Chuck Reisner speaking, and he was telling an actor not to bother Charlie Chaplin, because Charlie seemed to be getting an inspiration. For he was walking up and down, in the way he has, occasionally sitting down a minute, and then getting up restlessly. The players sat down and began gossiping idly.

Charlie glanced rather absently at a group of young girls—and that he glanced absently showed how deep was his perturbation, for ordinarily Charlie doesn't miss a pretty face. "He's in love with beauty," Mildred Harris' mother once said to me.

But this time he paused with a deep look of concentration; then his face lighted.

"He's got it!" exclaimed Chuck in a smothered tone.

And Charlie had. He called to Chuck, who was helping him to direct "The Kid," and asked him to bring to him a certain pretty brunette from among the bevy of young girls. As she came forward, Charlie saw how much prettier she was than he had observed before. She was dark, with curly hair, a clear ivory skin, soft brown eyes, a perfect nose and mouth and chin. A perfect Clytie!

But Charlie didn't pause to appraise her beauty. He just said to Chuck: "We'll take this!"

He told the girl she was an angel—no, not flattery—direction! For it was the Heaven scene in "The Kid." "You are to vamp me!" he went on, to the girl.

So that is how Lita Grey became the vamping angel in "The Kid." You probably remember her luscious beauty.

She did the scene so well, indeed, that Charlie admits now that he decided right then and there that she had big dramatic ability, and that she should some day become his leading lady.

Then he forgot all about her, as is Charlie's way.

Until the other day, when she went down to the studio with her mother to tell somebody she knew there good-bye, as they were on their way to Palm Springs for a little vacation.

Charlie happened into the office—and the vacation never came true.

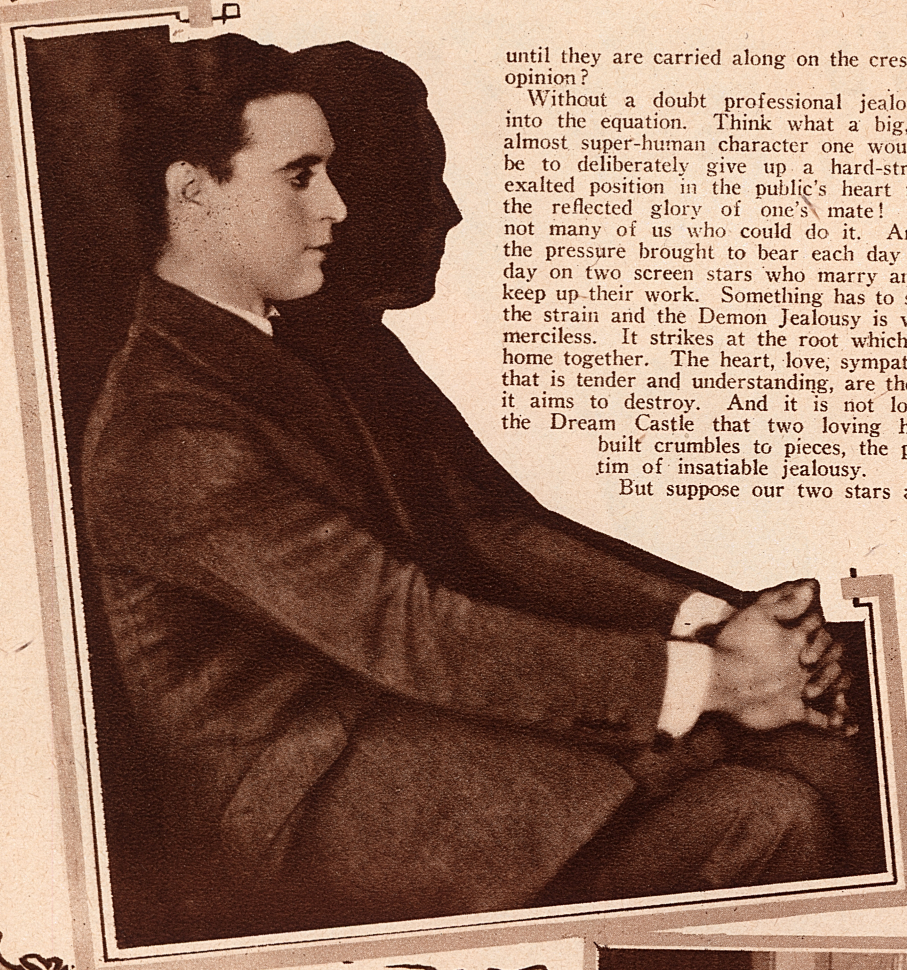
Charlie Chaplin and Miss Grey going over a scenario together.

HE LOOKED at Lita, delighted at her beauty. Then he took another look. Four years had turned Lita from a gangling girl of fifteen with a pretty face, to a raving beauty of young womanhood. He asked Lita to have a test. Lita did, and Charlie at once felt that he had found his leading lady for his new picture—the one about Alaska. And she will probably, if she fulfills her present promise, keep right on with him.

"It seems as if Charlie is always recognizing me—and forgetting me," said Lita. "But I've never forgotten him since I was a little girl of seven and met him at a tea one afternoon. I always felt that some day I would be in pictures with him. I never wanted to be with anybody else.

"The first time I met him after that was when he was making 'The Kid.' (*Continued on page 26*)

What evil influence wrecks



George Walsh, popular screen star, who is now separated from his wife, *Seena Owen*.

Statistics prove that some sinister power seems to operate, forcing happily married *screen couples* into separations—What is the answer?

By Louise Morgan

MANY words have been written on the subject of happy and unhappy marriages between the motion picture people. There are those who assert it is possible to have a career on the screen and at the same time enjoy marital bliss. There are others who say that the very nature of their work makes happy home life impossible. But neither statement offers a real explanation of the many tragedies that follow the happy moment when two hearts promise "to love, honor and obey until death do us part."

Why is it that two people who love each other devotedly one day can, in as short a time as a few months, disagree with each other with such intensity that separation or divorce is the only solution of their misery?

This condition exists most generally in the motion picture profession and the screen stars have been victims of this strange influence so often that it has given rise to much speculation.

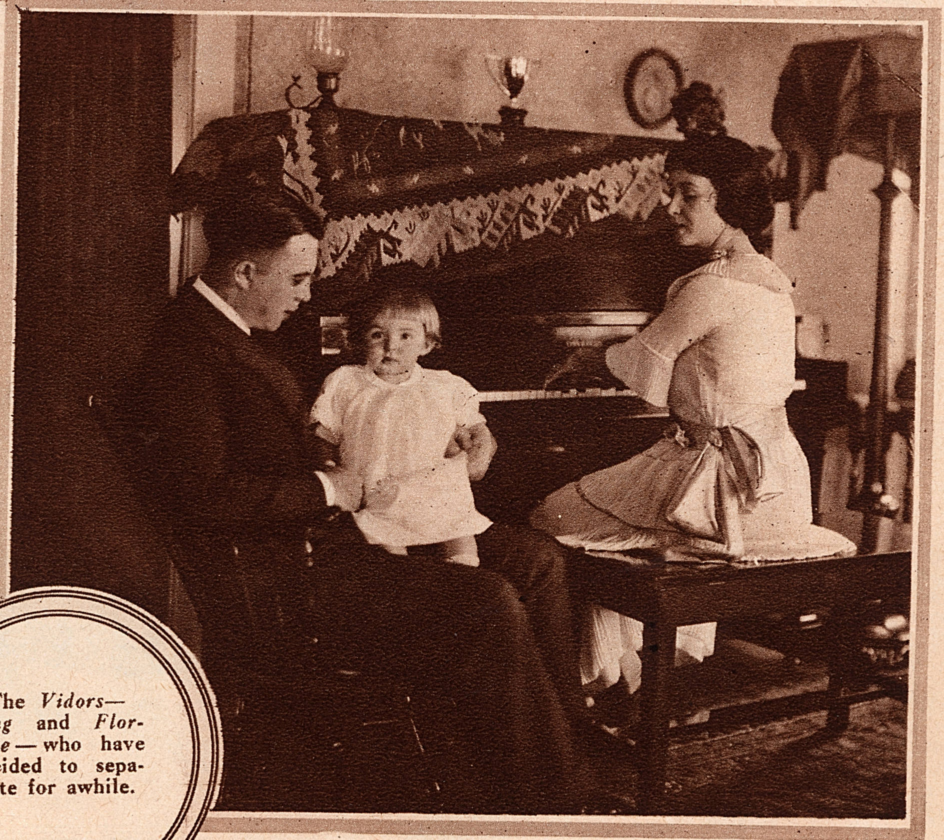
Why—why—why—must the little God of Love be routed by the black Demon of Hate? Is it because there is professional jealousy? Is it because, living in a life of make-believe, they cannot realize the reality of life? Or is it the publicity that accompanies every move and gesture the stars make which exaggerates their simplest emotion until they are carried along on the crest of public opinion?

Without a doubt professional jealousy enters into the equation. Think what a big, generous, almost super-human character one would have to be to deliberately give up a hard-struggled-for exalted position in the public's heart to bask in the reflected glory of one's mate! There are not many of us who could do it. And such is the pressure brought to bear each day and every day on two screen stars who marry and hope to keep up their work. Something has to snap under the strain and the Demon Jealousy is vicious and merciless. It strikes at the root which holds the home together. The heart, love, sympathy and all that is tender and understanding, are the emotions it aims to destroy. And it is not long before the Dream Castle that two loving hearts had built crumbles to pieces, the pitiful victim of insatiable jealousy.

But suppose our two stars are devoid of Jealousy. Perhaps they are open-hearted and open-minded. Their respective glory they do not take very seriously. They marry for love and romance, hoping to play at life and take the joys it has to offer as they come. This is another type, and one over which Jealousy has little power. But Inconstancy enters in. Just as strong as Jealousy and just as impossible to overcome, despite all the vows made to God and man. An actor or an actress is so made by God that the slightest touch on the cords of their emotions brings forth a harmonizing note. How impossible it is for them to play at love and passion day by day and not have the fever of being loved and desired creep into their soul. How impossible it is to find the necessary thrill and stimulus, that they must feel, to express themselves in their art, from one to whom they are accustomed. To these people, perhaps the most real on earth, the game of love becomes a necessity to their life. And there is not a psychologist living but who will tell you it is the pursuit of the new, the unknown, that is necessary to create the spark in these souls. It is not long before Inconstancy claims them and again their Dream Home of Happiness burns to the ground in the hot coals of a new passion.

NO ONE can be blamed for the paths in which our instincts lead us. We are created in a certain mould and born under certain stars high up in the heavens—and as the sun and moon control the waves of the mighty sea, so much more easily are we futile molecules swayed and torn by the controlling forces.

There is another power—just as strong as Jealousy—just as relentless as Inconstancy—it is Pride. Slow, insidious, it gathers gradually into a smoldering, hot fire that burns in the breast until the victims are destroyed by it. It goes hand in hand with Public Opinion—peering here—eavesdropping there—gloating over every scrap and morsel of scandal that tickles its insatiable palate. The victims of its malice fall writhing before its gnawing pain.



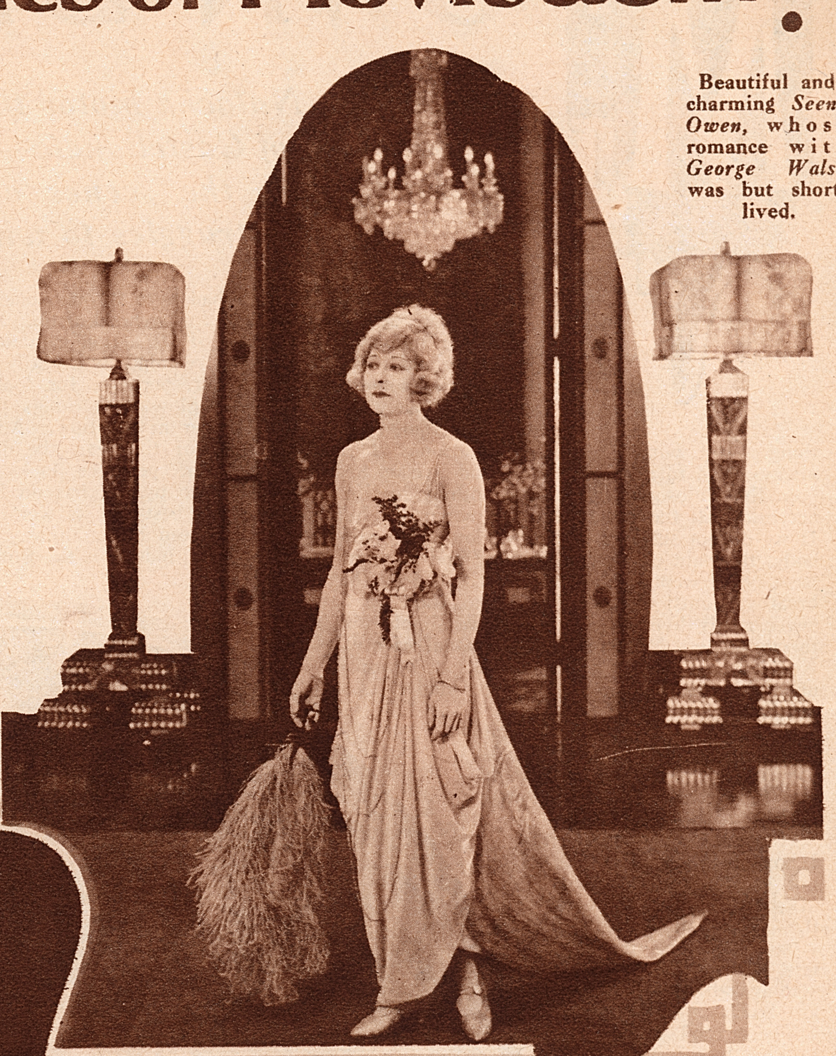
The *Vidors*—*King* and *Florence*—who have decided to separate for awhile.

The screen stars' private lives are private in proportion to their popularity. The more success and glory they hold in the public eye, the more likely they are liable to fall before its crushing power. Whereas a quiet, unknown couple could have a slight misunderstanding which may or may not reach the ears of their friends, it would not be long before they would kiss and make up. The first friend to hear of the little quarrel would play

the Happy Homes of Moviedom?

the part of peacemaker. However, when two famous screen stars have a misunderstanding, which can arise from a thousand trifling but irritating reasons, it seems as if the whole world is bent on spreading the unhappy news and exaggerating matters until the miserable couple lose all perspective of their trouble and become lashed by the sting to their Pride by Public Opinion. Each one of the unhappy couple will be called upon to recite their story of the affair—urged to new grievances so as to make an interesting tale to carry to the next until the trouble has assumed the gigantic proportions of a huge rolling snow ball. Pride—Pride—how it makes us suffer. How it blinds our eyes to the truth. Each victim is torn by Pride. They become determined that the world shall believe them right and their mate wrong. Perhaps, each, to plead his or her case, has hurt the other deeply and the end is another happy home sacrificed to unconquerable influences. Many more reasons can be found that make the course of happy married life to the screen stars so hazardous. Engulfing waves can submerge the frail craft of love before their skippers can read their compass and right their ship to the course of true love and happiness.

Just recently a love boat crashed on the rocks. The little craft sailed on the seas of matrimony for less than three months. In December, Ann Luther, motion picture star, married Ed. Gallagher, of the inimitable team, Gallagher and Shean, and by the middle of February the frail little boat sank, leaving its occupants far away from each other. What cruel Influence wrecked their ship of romance? Many more names are called to mind as we glance back over the past year. The beautiful Florence Vidor and her brilliant husband, King Vidor, have planned to live apart. Mrs. George Melford has divorced her husband, the director, George Melford. That happy combination of man and wife working together has gone to pieces in the case of George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere. Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky seem to find it impossible to patch up their differences. A break seems to be inevitable. Mrs. Landis and Cullen Landis have entered counter divorce suits in the California courts.



Beautiful and charming *Seena Owen,* whose romance with *George Walsh* was but short-lived.

The romance of *Dagmar Godowsky* and *Frank Mayo* was of short duration. They are now on opposite sides of the continent.

Little children of Fate made the victims of the cruel influences that the very nature of their work gathers around them.

How can these influences be controlled?

What is the solution for happiness in matrimony between the movie stars?

Certainly it would seem that many of the couples whose matrimonial barks have gone on the rocks started out under the most auspicious circumstances. They were very much in love at the time of their marriage and had all sorts of ideas about how different their marriage was going to be—but they weren't.

George Walsh and Seena Owen, for example. It really seemed for awhile as if theirs was to be an ideal match. They have a charming little daughter Patricia, and they lived together happily for seven or eight years, when they, too, found it necessary to separate.

And then there was Alice Joyce and Tom Moore. Both of them stood high in their profession; both were stars whose box office values were tremendous. No room for professional jealousy there.

AND Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. Their matrimonial affairs ran into trouble very shortly after they were wed.

Constance Talmadge is another. Her husband, John Pialoglou, was not of the profession, but was a wealthy tobacco broker. It was not long before they decided that their interests were not the same, and a divorce followed shortly thereafter.

Gloria Swanson, the gorgeous, has also had bad luck with her marriages. First there was Wallace Beery, but that marriage was followed by a divorce, another marriage to Herbert Somborn, and another divorce.

Agnes Ayres' one matrimonial venture proved disastrous also, as her marriage to Frank Schusker was followed by divorce. Anna Q. Nilsson, who recently was wed to John Gunnerson, was previously parted legally from Guy Coombs, the director.

Katherine MacDonald, the beautiful Katherine, was at one time married to an artist named Malcolm Strauss. This union proved unhappy, and after a few years was followed by a divorce. Within the past year she was married to Charles Schoenen Johnson. (*Continued on page 28*)

MY OWN STORY of my

Rudy and Natacha motor through Italy on their way to Rudy's old home town of Castellaneta—Popular young screen star is delighted to behold again the scenes of his childhood which recall his early struggles to win recognition on the screen

Genoa, August 25th.

EACH day a new leaf turned, with always the possibility of finding the reign of some new, some rare, some lovely thing. Or, perhaps, some terrific thing. But what then? A philosophy I have always tried to instil in myself and live up to has been the philosophy of fearing nothing in life, of accepting all the things that are a part of living. If we do not suffer, if we never know the pain of body, the pain of heart and mind and soul, if we have never wept over a bier or crushed out bitter breaths against a vanquished hope, then we have never really lived at all. We have simply played through life. Made of it a perpetual carnival. Never stripped the motley masks to gaze upon the strained and pitiful faces underneath.

I believe in accepting suffering as a component part of living. As a part, even a necessary part, of this journey through the vast country of life.

If I ever become the artist I hope to be, I shall owe it not so much to my hours of song and dance, as to the many, many hours I have sat alone, friendless, hopeless, hungry of soul as well, God knows, as hungry of body.

There is, I believe, too, a silver lining to every cloud. But first to our gaze must appear the leaden, lowering cloud in order that we may be the more joyously dazzled by the shining silver underneath.

If we could all realize, *really* realize suffering as, not a thing apart, a thing to be avoided and run from as from an isolated thing, a pestilential plague, we would not only be able to endure pain more stoically, but we would also grow in stature, mentally and spiritually.

Life is a great travail. Like the flowers who push their valiant way through the dark, encumbering earth, often bruised, often, I venture to say, despairing, finally to reach perfection and sweetness under the sun by day and the silver moon by night, so must humans push and force their several ways through the dark, encumbering hours before they may attain their measure's growth.

I wax philosophic in the morning . . .

Perhaps I should have as a maxim, "Give the morn to meditation. Give the night to joy!"

To get back to narrative . . .

ON OUR way back from the School of Agriculture, which I left with a slight moisture of the eyes, and a promise to come back again one day when the other professors and some of the new pupils should be there, we got under way.

Natacha said, "You had a wonderful time, didn't you, Rudy?"

And I laughed and said that in such moments as I had lived through one was able to regain and recapture boyhood again. Re-living a thing on the scene of its action is almost as good to the imaginative mind as actually living it.

Better, perhaps, for looking backward casts a tender glow over things that were not, perhaps, as tender at the time. And looking backward is robbed of the fear, the diffidence that one feels when one, perforce, looks *forward*. The past is *known* to us. It has no further terrors. It has done its best—or its worst. But whichever it is, it has been done, anyway. But the Future . . . ah, there, indeed, is the Bottomless Pit, over which only such a bridge of philosophy as I have so weakly sketched may make it bearable.

"If we do not suffer, if we never know the pain of body, of mind and soul," says *Mr. Valentino*, in this gripping autobiography of his recent trip, "then we have never really lived at all."

On our way homeward I suggested, optimistically, as it transpired, that we stop at Lido d'Albaro for a bit of supper.

As we drove through the little town, what should I see but an advertisement of "The Conquering Power," called, here, "The Human Comedy."

Of course "The Human Comedy" is the name of the series of Balzac's novels, from one of which, "Eugenie Grandet," "The Conquering Power" was adapted. But there is no connection between the two in the public mind, and when I asked people if they had seen "The Conquering Power," they invariably replied that they had not.

AS FURTHER instance of the up-and-doing picture régime in this part of Italy, when we passed the most pretentious picture house in Italy, we saw advertised there as follows: "For the first time in Italy: *Joan the Woman*." The picture with Geraldine Farrar.

Then, on the other side, in a less pretentious house, an advertisement of Bill Hart in something he must have made the Lord knows how far back!

I think a Triangle picture. These were first-run houses.

And I said to myself, silently, but with great inner emphasis, "Ten years from now I will be popular in Italy, *perhaps, but they don't know me now*."

That much was certain. From the chance wayfarer along the road, to the first and second run picture houses, I was as I had been when I left Italy, as unknown to films as films were unknown and unexpected to me.

And so we went back to our hotel.

Milan, August 28th.

Ah, now I feel that I should sit here for as many weeks as I shall probably spend hours, in order to get in all that has happened to us.

The trip to Milan, with its delays and complications!

The meeting with my sister! The effusions! the tears of joy! The reminiscences, which I shall recount later on, in due sequence of events, like a conscientious and technical story-teller. The overwhelmingness of seeing one of my own again . . . after so many years!

I have been stirred by the profound emotions that go to show one, when one may sometimes have doubted how much thicker, after all, though time and oceans come between, is blood than water!

I had wired Milan, because my sister had expected me earlier in the week, saying that we would be delayed.

BUT telegraph service in Italy is the worst the world has ever seen, and, I trust, for the sake of all travelers and messages of import, the worst the world ever will see.

You send, by way of illustration, a telegram today. You are lucky, more than lucky, you are blessed of the gods, if the telegram arrives at its destination in twenty-four hours.

I sent one to my sister, and then, being aware of conditions along this line, I sent another—and

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

TRIP ABROAD By Rudolph VALENTINO

then I sent another. They got the second wire ahead of the first one. But too late to serve its purpose.

My valet, whom I had sent on ahead, was already at the hotel with my sister. They had had no word of the delay at the time and they sat themselves down and waited from eleven in the morning until ten at night.

THERE is probably no worse ordeal given to the long-suffering race of man than the ordeal of waiting. Especially when you are waiting for someone long and eagerly anticipated. Someone whom you have particularly longed to see. Each minute is an hour. Each hour a day. Each day a small Eternity.

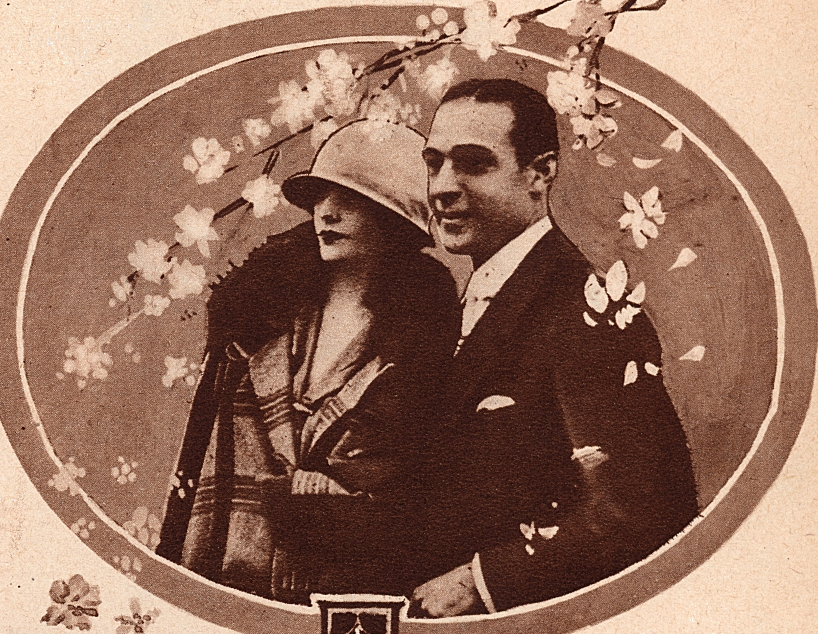
Apprehensions make the dragging hours hideous. This may have happened, or this . . . or that . . . by the time the waiting is well on its way, the one who is waiting has the expected party dead and buried and is already in the dour weeds of mourning.

As I have said, as everyone knows, no doubt, the emotions of the Italians are easily aroused. One can imagine the results when something occurs really calculated to arouse them.

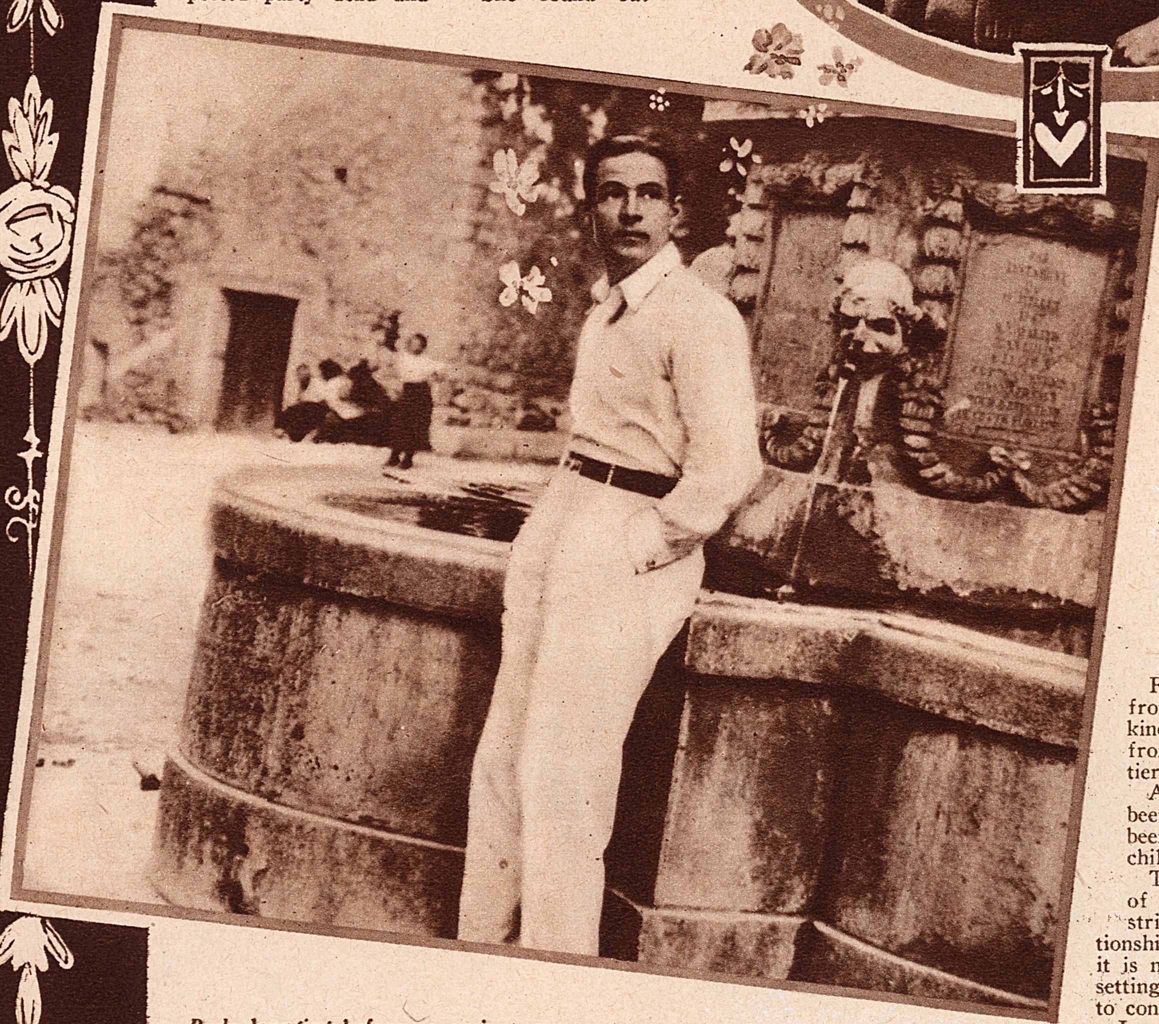
My sister had all she could do to subdue the hysteria she felt rising within her.

She was so nervous that inactivity finally became insupportable, and she said, "I am going to Genoa to see what has happened!"

She found out that a train was leaving in twenty minutes, and on that train she jumped and went to Genoa.



Rudy and Natacha strolling about through Genoa.



Rudy lounging before an ancient edifice in *Italy*—the country of his nativity.

Meanwhile, of course, we were on the road from Genoa to Milan.

It was raining with a driving, gray persistence, and we couldn't make very good time.

When nine-thirty or ten arrived, my poor, distracted sister didn't know what on earth to do.

She imagined, by then, the very worst. She couldn't endure the inertia of sitting there, just sitting, hands folded, heart thundering with impatience and fear, one instant longer.

SHE arrived there two hours later, still frantic with apprehensions.

By that time we were in Milan.

I eventually got her on the long distance telephone and told her where we were, what had happened to us, how I had wired her and that, in short, we were safe and sound and quite all right, and only suffering from the disappointment of not seeing her at once.

The poor girl took a six o'clock train the next morning, arriving in Milan at ten.

We were having breakfast when she knocked at the door.

Ah, well, we didn't say anything!

After all, at such a time, what is there to *say?* Words appear but tired, used-up things that have too frequently said the same things on more trivial occasions.

But each knew how the other felt, and that, after all, is the great thing.

WE JUST embraced, and then embraced again. We were crying, and everyone else was crying. It resembled somewhat the day I crossed the frontier. It savored of the same type of emotion.

For, once again, I *had* crossed a frontier. A frontier of a different kind, but a frontier just the same. A frontier of human emotion. A frontier of a suspended relationship.

Any man, or any woman, who has been long away from one who has been very near and dear to them in childhood, will know how I felt.

There is something about the ties of early childhood that pull at the strings of the heart as no later relationships have the power of doing. For it is not only the person, but the whole setting of old, familiar days that arises to confront one.

I saw not only my dear sister, Maria, but all of our childish scenes together, pranks and larks, quarrels and makings-up.

I saw Maria and my brother; I saw the house where we had played, and I saw again my mother and my father, was still more securely and surely back in my childhood. That childhood which no one shared with me quite so completely as this dear Maria.

There had once been four of us children in my father's house; but it was with Maria that I conspired and connived, got into and out of mischief, and generally conferred with on all of our little enterprises.

(*Continued on page 28*)

Francis X. Bushman

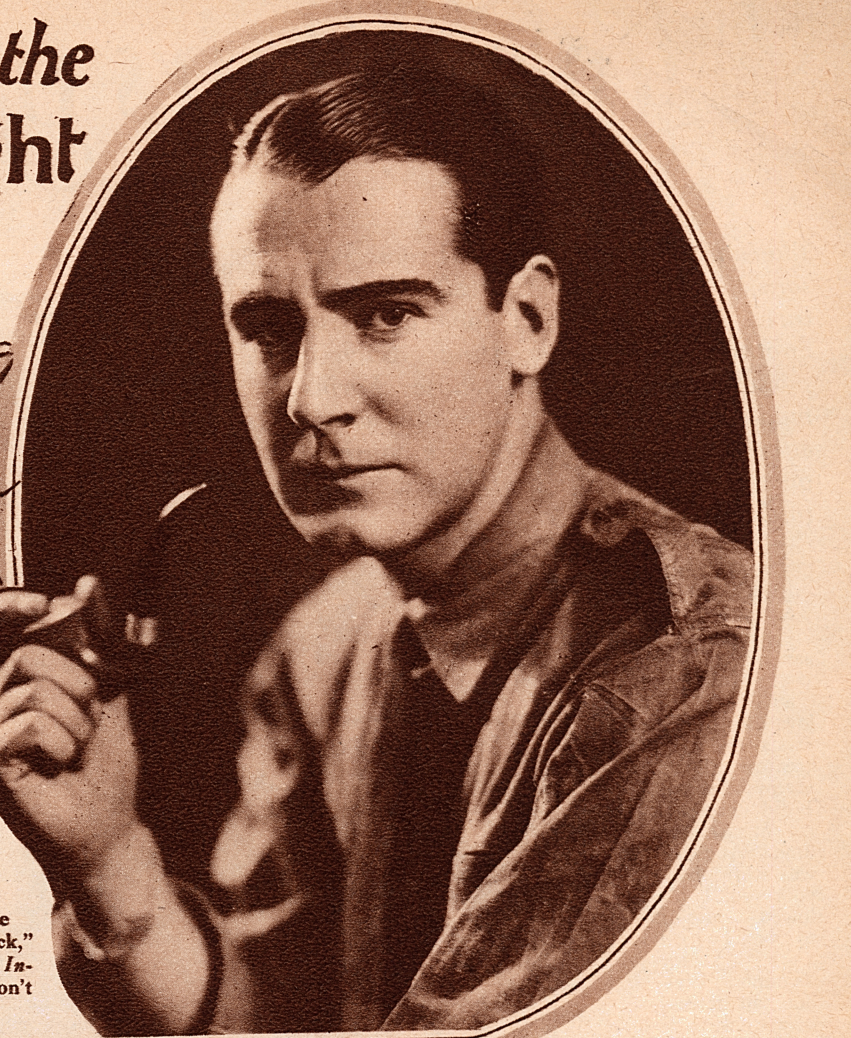
Photo by
EDWIN THAYER MONROE

Why I am Leaving the Movies at the Height of my Career

by Rex INGRAM

Famous young *director*, who gave the world *"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,"* tells why he is deserting screen for quiet life in *Africa*

By Ralph Willoughby



"I may be tempted back," said *Mr. Ingram*, "I don't know."

OUT of the barbaric mystery of Africa a glamor, more alluring, more irresistible than silver magic, has cast its spell upon movieland's youngest and, perhaps, most talented director—a youthful dreamer who came out of Ireland not long ago and thrilled us with the mighty imagery of a world torn and bruised by history's greatest war.

For movie-goers who have come to demand artistry as well as power in photodramas, there is tragedy in this glamor. Tragedy, because it is mercilessly robbing the screen of no less a celebrity than Rex Ingram, who made that immortal film epic, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Mr. Ingram has bought a place near Tunis in Algiers. He intends to move to the African home within a few weeks, and there, in the spell of a civilization older than our own, he will live and devote his time to developing an art which, in the rush of movie fame and work, he has had to neglect of late. Ingram will go back to sculpturing.

And why?

Because Africa calls some men . . . some women. And men like Ingram cannot refuse to answer the thrilling call. Robert Hichens told us all about the influence of the desert and those places that fringe its seas of glittering sands in his novel, "The Garden of Allah." Such an influence must have worked its way, feverlike, into the veins of the director on his last venture into the desert, when he was making "The Arab." For since that time he has been under the spell of Africa, and nothing will do but that he give up his screen career at the peak of fame and achievement to go back where the sun shines down like a red ball of fire . . . where the date trees spread a little shade here and there, and where life goes on over adventurous trails.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, his wife, on location in the South Sea Islands.

"It's not an easy thing to explain, this urge of mine to go and settle in a country thousands of miles away from Broadway, Hollywood and the other places that have become identified with life for me during the past few years. But I know, or rather feel, that there will be satisfaction out there in Tunis. I will not lose all track of pictures, you can be sure of that," he smiled:

At the present moment Rex Ingram's health is not the best. Consequently he cannot make any definite plans about sailing. However, he will sever his connection with Metro as soon as the work of cutting his latest picture is accomplished. And soon after, filmdom will lose a virile, asthetic force that has brought the finest type of entertainment to the millions who patronize silver make-believe.

Looking back at his meteoric rise in screenland, we find his flight to the horizon of glory charted by the names of some of our best pictures, all products of his master craftsmanship. Ingram gave us romance, sentiment, tragedy, and other phases of drama in a faithful gesture to register both the big and small things of human life. His gestures were almost always successful in a full measure.

IN "The Prisoner of Zenda," we find him the romancer and sentimentalist, presenting the story of toy kingdoms fancifully, and yet in such a manner as to convince us that there are such little kings and princesses . . . such big lovers, as he sketched against the silver screen in this play. In "Scaramouche" Ingram again displayed wizardry. But in the writer's opinion, his first great picture was his greatest. He showed his fibre in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," as Griffith showed his in "The Birth of a Nation."

"Will you ever come back, Mr. Ingram and do something for us?" I asked him.

His dark, dream-laden eyes seemed to be seeking out an answer to my question in the distant spaces stretching beyond the city's skyline. Slowly, he turned and said:

"Again, I'm afraid I can't be very definite. I don't know. No one knows just what the future may bring forth. If they did, Life would be a disappointing thing, indeed. I may be tempted back. Right now, I'm firm in my determination to stay in Africa, however."

Perhaps, some day, Rex will pine for the feel of a megaphone on his hand. Perhaps he will tire of the burning African (*Continued on page 26*)

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

There is a fascination about some persons that makes them irresistible, that lures them from one love affair to another, brief but exciting. Such a person was Hal Kent, whose charms made him a famous star and whose adventures with women were continuous. Read the story of Hal Kent, as told by HIMSELF

THE first woman to play a fateful part in my life was Laura Carlsen. My love for her was one of the greatest things in my life, but I did not realize it at the time. Anyway, we were both poor—so I allowed myself to be lured away by Yvonne Weldon, an actress in a stock company.

I went with her to Pittsburgh and got there my first experience in the theatre. So great was my devotion to her that when I was discovered in her rooms, I fell in with her pretense that I was a burglar and went to jail.

To my horror, I found that she had no intention of releasing me. But I managed to escape, and returned to New York. There I obtained a small part in a movie company, but lost it through the treachery of Kay Inness, a girl who professed to love me.

For weeks, I made the rounds of other companies in vain. Finally I met Vivian Race, a scenario writer. As a last resort, she obtained a role for me with Dick Carlisle. I learned later that she was his wife, living apart from him, and that my chance with his company was conditional upon her return to him.

However, it was that chance that made me famous. I was sought after, feted—until finally I sought rest in Paris, incognito. I determined to have nothing more to do with women, but alas! I was trapped into a marriage with Olga Vassilev, an unscrupulously clever adventuress. It took practically all my savings to buy her off, to prevent her causing a public scandal. Again I was disillusioned. Women were proving my ruin.

Disheartened, I returned to America, my love for Laura stronger than ever, in view of my disillusionment with other women. But she had long since moved from her old home; for years I had been unable to trace her. Suddenly, however, in picking up a screen magazine, I came across the face of Laura Carlsen, one of the extras in a "still" from a photoplay.

My heart leaped up—and I caught the next train west, for Hollywood—and Laura.

ALTHOUGH, as I say, I slept soon after the train started, I awoke the next day feeling worn-out and exhausted. I am anything but a neurasthenic, but my nerves were strung high under the tension of all that my goal meant to me.

"I want the address of this girl," I said. "Also her name, in case she's working under a stage name. Can you get it for me?"

Over and over I revolved the thought of Laura Carlsen, amazed at my simple discovery of her whereabouts after all these years. It was strange that she, too, should have gravitated to the movies, but life is full of strange things.

I wondered if she'd changed. The little face I had seen in the photograph looked oddly the same, but I could not see how this could be with the passage of those years and the experiences that the world must have brought her.

Sometimes I'd wonder what she'd been through, whether, perhaps, she was married, and at times like these I gripped the arms of my chair and stared out of the window as if seeking to hurry the train because of my anxiety. And, looking back, it seems to me I must have possessed some secret knowledge, obtained through a means I cannot define, which warned me that I must hurry.

Many, many times I have taken that trip from coast to coast, but never do I recall one so wearisome and exacting. It seemed to me I would never get there, and always my thoughts hovered futilely around one theme.

Then it was Los Angeles at last, the center of the producing district of the world. I called up my connections, phoned my housekeeper to get ready my place in Hollywood, ordered my car, and set out, within one hour of my arrival, to locate Laura Carlsen.

And now that I was within reach of her, I had my first qualms. Supposing that I did find her, and that she had long since lost any liking she had once had for me? Or supposing that I should find her so changed that the girl I had formerly known was only a ghost to be laid away among my uncorrupted illusions?

It was with mingled feelings like these, but with an urgency that was no less dominant, that I drove at once to the studios of the combine which had produced "Sons of Adam." Hilliard Browne, I remembered, had been the director. I walked into the private office and asked to see him. He was out on location, a good many miles away, I was told. He was screening a successor to "Sons of Adam" that was expected to surpass it, and had already surpassed it in the matter of preliminary expenses, at any rate.

THE secretary who answered my impatient questions knew me, of course, and helped me to the best of his ability, but I saw that he could be of little service to me here. All at once I recalled the fact that the casting director was undoubtedly on the premises and he was actually the man I wished to see.

I left at once and found my way to the casting director's office. There was the usual crowd of aspirants, girls with eager, hopeful faces, mothers with small children, young men and old. Some of them glanced up quickly, enviously, as I entered. But I wondered how many of them would actually have cared to change places with me. It is easier and pleasanter to achieve than to sustain achievement.

I walked up to the wicket and rapped on it smartly. A young man with an unfamiliar face, a somewhat hooked nose, and irritable eyes, snapped back the wicket and glared out at me.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Don't you know I'm busy? Leave your name and address and your photographs."

He was about to slam the wicket in my face.

"Hold on a minute!" I said. "What kind of a casting director are you, anyhow? I'm Hal Kent."

He flushed, grew apologetic, and even servile. "Come inside, Mr. Kent! I'm very sorry. I—I didn't recognize you right away. There are so many that bother us, you know." And so on.

I entered through the doorway and told him briefly what I wanted, taking from my pocket the picture which I had torn out of a copy of the magazine.

"I want the address of this girl," I said. "Also her name, in case she's working under a stage name. Can you get it for me?"

HE LOOKED puzzled and scratched his head. "At any other time!" he muttered as if to himself. "The fact is," he broke out suddenly, "affairs here are in a mix-up, so that I don't see how I can help you. The former man in my job left last week, and everything is in a muddle. The address lists are lost, apparently, and he filed photographs after some system of his own that I can't make head and tail of. I've had to destroy everything and start all over again. Now, maybe in a week——"

I made a gesture of impatience. A week! Why, I didn't want to wait a day, an hour, a minute! I stalked outside gloomily, pondering what to do. Finally I drove up to my house, and took counsel with myself.

It was growing late, too late, almost, to hope to do anything useful for the rest of that day. But I decided that I needed someone to help me in this task. Directories, telephone books, and inquiries had been purposeless; I must have someone with a large memory who knew a good half of the inhabitants of that shifting colony of famous and obscure players.

Frank Bailey was the first man who occurred to me. He was an assistant director, and I had watched his work for some time, and thought excellent things of him. Vaguely away in my mind lay the scheme of inducing him to try a couple of pictures for me. The man had intelligence, discretion, and the willingness to work hard.

If ever Fate took a hand in any man's life, I think she took a hand in mine. That I should have hit upon Frank Bailey, of all whom I knew in the movie colony, seems to me almost like a freak of circumstance.

I called him up at once, only to learn that he was out of town. He was working with Hilliard Browne on the big production in southern California. As I put down the receiver, feeling that luck was dead against me, it suddenly occurred to me that Laura might be working again for Hilliard Browne in this new production! Nothing, in fact, could be more likely. To stay where I was would accomplish nothing. I would play my hunch, speed down to the company working there, and find out if she was not with them. At the most, I would lose only a day in my search.

Tired as I was, I ate a light dinner, and jumped for the station. At four o'clock the next morning, I got out in the grey light at a way-junction some two hundred miles south. The town was still asleep, but money gives one confidence to pursue any aims.

I banged at the doors of a local garage, and presently a sleepy head appeared and asked me what I wanted. I explained and produced some bills. Then the doors were rolled back, and the garage man stepped on the starter of a wheezy old touring car, and we were off.

WE DROVE on through the dawn down the long white road that never ended. My driver was not inclined to speak, nor was I anxious to break the silence. Then the sun came up over the low hills, an orange penny that melted into gold, and day was on us.

At eight o'clock I found myself speeding into the encampment of Hilliard Browne's latest effort. Tents rose on all sides, and some orderly, military attempt had been made to arrange them. I saw the cooks over their stoves, and strange structures rising into the sky, and thinly to my ears came the tapping of carpenter's hammers as, even at this hour of the morning, they worked on the mighty sets.

I got out of my vehicle, pushed my way through the improvised streets, and marched up to the principal tent, dominating the center of a platform very much the way Richard Coeur de Lion's must have done at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Hilliard Browne had an eye for effect!

I slapped at the closed flap, and Browne bellowed an inquiry. I stepped inside and found him just drawing on the riding boots that have been pictured so often.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he ejaculated. "Hal Kent! What brings you here?"

"Looking for one of your cast, Hilliard," I said.

He pretended to scowl. "You can't have 'em. I've got them roped. You're not serious, by any chance?"

"Well, in a sense, yes," I answered. "But it happens to be an extra."

"Oh, an extra!" He waved his arms with a gesture of abnegation. "Take 'em all! I never worked with such a crowd of numbskulls in my life. You've got to repeat directions three times to them to make them understand."

In a moment he had forgotten my surprise visit, my purpose, and everything had dwindled to his own troubles. I was only a machine set there to listen.

BUT I interrupted him, and made him hear me. He was thoughtful for a moment.

"Of course you don't expect me to keep track of their names," he said. "Your best bet, Hal, would be to go over to the entrance to that arena there. I'm working out a mob scene this morning. They'll all arrive there. Station yourself where you can get a good look at them as they come in, and I guess you'll find the girl you're hunting for."

I didn't waste time. I marched across a quarter of mile of the big location until I came to the "arena" of which Browne had spoken. At an angle in the plastered wall, I found I could command a view of the entrance without being particularly noticeable myself. To make myself still more inconspicuous, I pulled my cap well down on my forehead.

Then, lighting a pipe, I leaned back and waited.

I hadn't very long to wait. Presently they came, costumed variously, by twos and threes, singly, and in a whole mass. (*Continued on page 25*)

I brushed past her and burst into the living room. My senses swam as I saw a tall girl, whose beauty was indelibly traced upon my brain, rise to greet me. It was *Laura Carlsen!*

Woman's greatest Possession

Neil HAMILTON tells what it is

Handsome young *leading man* of D. W. Griffith's *"America"* discusses *fair sex* and describes what is their *rarest charm*

By Regina Cannon

IS IT her beautiful eyes that he remembers? Is it the elusive dimple in her cheek that stays in his thoughts after the party is over and he has seen her to her doorstep? Or is it her vivacity and pep that he enjoys reflecting on—the thing that makes her "different" from any other girl in the whole wide world.

The boy next door may count beauty as woman's greatest possession; the young man across the street may root for personality, but Neil Hamilton, handsomest and most talented of the younger movie actors, says: "Graciousness is the thing!"

We were in a little nook just off the main dining room at the Algonquin, eating nut sandwiches and drinking Orange Pekoe. It was four o'clock and all New York, it seemed, was strolling in for its afternoon tea. We looked around anxiously to see all the celebrities we could discover.

"There's Ernest Torrence," we announced triumphantly.

"And," declared Mr. Hamilton, "there's Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. There," he reflected, "is a symbol of 'graciousness'—Miss Pickford, I mean."

That being an indisputable fact, we turned our attention to getting Mr. Hamilton to talk about the fair sex.

"I like little girls," said Neil, "dainty, truly feminine girls—the clinging vine type. Please do not confuse this sort of girl with the dumb-bell. Nothing is worse or less interesting than dull, vapid, senseless human beings, and in this particular class of morons, the men out-number the girls."

This last statement greatly met with our approval, and then and there we raised our glass—of water—and toasted Mr. Hamilton. He's a clever, discerning young man and we'll never miss a picture he appears in.

"I like the old-fashioned girl," continued Neil enthusiastically. "There's probably nothing new or original in that statement. Lots of fellows say it for print. I say it because I mean it. I like a girl who is not too independent, who does not say, 'I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself.' Of course, she is, or should be, in this year of 1924."

"Having apparently attained the use of reason," we supplied, "and the streets all being consecutively numbered."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Hamilton. "One usually takes for granted that a young woman is capable of looking after herself, so why announce it? That's when it becomes a question.

"A woman's greatest possession is, as I said before, graciousness. She may be beautiful, she may be charming, she may be clever, but if she lacks that paramount of all attributes—graciousness—she won't get very far in the social or business world. She won't be able to hold her friends after she gets them."

"A woman may be beautiful, charming and clever," said *Mr. Hamilton,* "but if she lacks graciousness, she won't get very far in the world."

NOW we know why we lack friends. It is not, as we thought, a matter for us to take up with the Book of Etiquette. We could learn to remedy our fault from the interesting young man sitting opposite.

"What," we asked anxiously, "is the definition of 'graciousness?' "

Mr. Hamilton didn't hesitate a second. "Graciousness," he said, "is the ability to meet people on their own level. In other words, to make men and women feel comfortable and 'at home' when in your presence. It is 'to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way.' Please don't think I'm handing out any Pollyanna stuff. I'm not.

"If, for instance, a girl is dining with a young man who isn't able to afford to take her to the hotel or restaurant he'd like to, she should make the best of it. She should not, as some girls do, take on a patronizing, supercilious air as if to say, 'My heavens, do such places really exist? It is really interesting to see how the other half live!'

"Please get me right. No girl would ever *say* as much to her escort, but she would *act* it, and remember the old one about actions speaking louder than words. The poor fellow would almost die of embarrassment and mortification and feel that he never should have invited her to share a dull, boring evening such as he could only afford to give her.

"IF a girl's only reason for going out with a man is to get him to spend money on her, she should stay at home. If she doesn't feel a genuine interest in the young man and find pleasure in his society, she ought to look about for someone who could interest her."

"Heavens!" we exclaimed. "Are all girls bad?"

"No girls are bad," said Mr. Hamilton thoughtfully. "They just have a tendency to be a little bit careless about another's feelings. It is, however, a fault that can be readily corrected if the young woman in question has any desire to 'get over it.'"

Mr. Hamilton asked us please not to quote him verbatim on this subject and we're afraid we've broken our promise to him. He said the girls would all be sore at him if they heard him "preach" about their shortcomings. He did promise, however, in our next interview with him, to 'lay the law down to the men. He has a few "nifties" he'd like to pull on them, too.

Neil Hamilton, who is the featured player in "America," Griffith's latest triumph, is, as we've said, a young actor of marked ability, charm and personality. Seldom has it been our pleasure to find a young man, who has attained so much popularity, so unspoiled. His first dramatic experience was with a stock company, where it was all he could do to make ends meet. A stock company's repertoire is very varied, of course, and there are always weeks when any one of the actors doesn't fit into a role. And so with Mr. Hamilton. The stock company would frequently present plays in which there was no part for him—and, of course, no salary. So he was always skating on the thin edge of starvation.

From there he finally turned in desperation to the insurance business, for which he was not at all suited. Finally, he went back to his professional career, where, of necessity, he posed for commercial advertising pictures—hats, collars and things like that.

It was at this point in his career that Mr. Griffith saw him—and when Mr. Griffith takes an actor or actress under his wing, it is the first milestone toward real success. It is this milestone which Neil Hamilton has at last reached and, personally, we predict that it will not be long before his name becomes a by-word with the fans.

"VACATIONS in MARRIED LIFE are necessary!" says May Allison

Screen star who was recently rumored *separating* from her **husband**, tells why occasional *vacations* are needed in *matrimony*

By Ruth Mabrey

AT RIGHT: "I don't believe the vacation should be too long," said *Miss Allison*. "That's risky. A few weeks or months . . . but not as long as a year."

BELOW: *Bob Ellis*, well-known movie director, and husband of *May Allison*, the screen star.

EVER so often, say about once or twice a year, do you ever find yourself yawning at the old desk and thinking how tired you are of the old typewriter or the set of books, or whatever it is that fills your pay envelope every Saturday? Of course you do. We all do. No matter how much we may like our work, there comes a time when we get an overdose of it. There is only one answer.

We need a vacation!

It seems more or less logical, then, when one comes to think of it, that this may be the solution when the wife looks across the breakfast table at her husband and thinks, "My, but I'm tired of that face!"

And why shouldn't she think that? Even the best of faces is likely to pall on one, with constant usage. And isn't it just as possible that husband would weary of hearing Eloise say "don't you know" at the end of every sentence? Yes, although true love may be running as smoothly as a Rolls-Royce, even the smoothest course can get a little monotonous.

What's the answer? A vacation.

This, at least, is one of the modern views on marriage, and some couples have really found it the cure for *ennui*. As, for example, May Allison and her husband, Robert Ellis.

They even went so far, did the Ellises, as to engage lawyers and have the stage all set for a divorce. In fact, they were within a day of the trial when they changed their minds!

"The trouble with us was," Miss Allison explained, "we took marriage too literally. From the day we made our marriage public, we just clung to each other. We went on a honeymoon abroad and we thought, like many other couples, that we would have a perpetual honeymoon. We ate together, read together, went to the theatre together and were, in fact, absolutely inseparable. It was beautiful for awhile, of course, but the thing we didn't realize then was that we were bound to get on each other's nerves. We reached the point where silly little unimportant things loomed large as mountains—things that we should have laughed off.

"IF WE had only stopped to think, we should never even have thought of divorce. We should have realized at once that all we needed was a vacation from each other, just as one needs a vacation from even the most agreeable job.

"But we didn't realize all this at the time," she went on, "and we went ahead with plans for a divorce. It was a grief in common which brought us together again. Bob's mother and mine died within a week of each other, and our mutual sorrow made us turn to each other for comfort. We found that we still loved one another very deeply. All we needed was to use a little common sense and tolerance and not allow ourselves to reach the point of boredom.

"I learned one thing, especially," Miss Allison commented, springing a bombshell for those who believe in the old-fashioned marriage, "that it was a mistake for me to give up my career. After we were married I made one or two more pictures, and then I stopped working. You can imagine what a change that made in my life. Here I had been working for years to support my mother, and leading a very busy life. Suddenly, when I gave it up, I found myself with nothing to do, no real interest in life except my husband.

"That's a mistake. It gets one into a rut. No matter how fond you are of something, there is such a thing as too much of it. The same is true of one's friends or loved ones."

"How long do you think a vacation from marriage should last?" was asked of her.

"Well, I don't believe the vacation should be too long. That's risky. A few weeks or months—it depends on individual cases—but not as long as a year. Too long separations are just as likely to make love cool off as to make it burn brighter."

Miss Allison, in spite of her marital tribulations, looks as young as ever, as young as in the days of the Harold Lockwood-May Allison pictures which were so popular a half a dozen years ago.

"It was a great mistake for me to give up my work," the blue-eyed star admitted, "but I am never again going to let anything interfere with my career. I expect to go on the stage in a musical comedy in the near future, and I hope for a big success.

"YOU know," she added, "many actresses work for years and years without getting anywhere, though they may be perfectly capable of good work. Then suddenly an exceptional play comes along, the actress gets her big opportunity, and presto! all her latent talent is given a chance to show itself, and Broadway sits up and takes notice.

"That," she pronounced, "is the kind of play I should like to get."

In any case, whether she gets the kind of play she wants or not, it will give her a chance to take up her career again where she left off. And for some persons careers are unquestionably necessary.

If May Allison had realized that at the time of her marriage three years ago, her matrimonial affairs might never have hit the rocks. Acute boredom is the cause of many a matrimonial smash-up. Ever since the world began, sociologists have been looking for the solution to the problem of boredom, which inevitably sets in when two persons, married or single, are thrown too constantly into each other's company.

"When I started out my married life," May declared, "I had all sorts of romantic ideas about what a wife should do. I was very old-fashioned about it; a wife must never leave her husband's side—all that sort of thing, which we are constantly being told by advocates of the old-fashioned idea of marriage. Of course, everyone must settle this particular problem to conform with individual circumstances, but in my case—well, it's back to the career for me."

So there, fans, is the modern wife's side of things. And the question of a career is a problem each girl must decide for herself.

"SECRETS" Brings Back

New *Talmadge* picture a delight to her admirers—*William S. Hart* in *"Singer Jim McKee," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow"* and *"Love's Whirlpool,"* among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by
Carolyn Carter

Norma Talmadge re-lives a girlhood romance in "Secrets" with Eugene O'Brien.

"SECRETS"
Every Woman's Love Story

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck at the Astor Theatre, New York, with a cast including Norma Talmadge, Eugene O'Brien, Francis Feeney, Gertrude Astor, Winter Hall and Frank Elliott. Directed by Frank Borzage.

If you like love stories, and who does not, there is a great treat in store for you when "Secrets," Norma Talmadge's latest starring vehicle, reaches town.

In this very human romance, Miss Talmadge appears in the greatest role she has ever been seen in. In the billowy crinolines of the middle nineteenth century, she is a vision of loveliness. In the scenes depicting early American struggles and hardships, she is a heroic little figure. In the latter English sequence, she is womanly and appealing.

"Secrets" is an every-day love story. The hero and heroine are prosaically named John and Mary. She is the rich man's daughter. He, her father's clerk. They fall in love. The father forbids their seeing each other. They promptly elope and run off to America.

It is in the American episode that Miss Talmadge gets the opportunity to prove her ability. There is a big moment, probably the biggest that there ever could be on the screen, when Mary discovers that her baby is dead. The expression of surprise, horror, dumb terror—the anguish that shines through Miss Talmadge's eyes, is something we shall not readily forget.

Whether Norma is your screen favorite or not, is entirely a matter of personal opinion. There are one or two others we like as well as she, but we do say that Norma Talmadge, in our opinion, is the best actress on the screen today.

There is a difference between a great actress and a great personality. Norma Talmadge is the former and Mary Pickford the latter.

Eugene O'Brien as the hero in this romantic tale, is rather colorless. His make-up and general attitude throughout the picture did not bespeak the gay philanderer.

Francis Feeney, as John Carlton, Jr., gave a nice performance, and Gertrude Astor, as the "leader astray of men," was mighty interesting.

The women in the audience, from flappers to grandmothers, will enjoy this picture, and the ladies who just enjoy a "good cry" will have the opportunity to shed a few tears. Do you remember "Smiling Through?" Well, in "Secrets" Norma uses the same method to evoke a haunting past and it will *get you* if anything can.

"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW"
A New Crook Play

Presented by Famous Players, at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast including Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Griffith, David Torrence, Marguerite Clayton, Roland Bottomley and Alma Bennett. A Paramount Picture. Directed by George Melford.

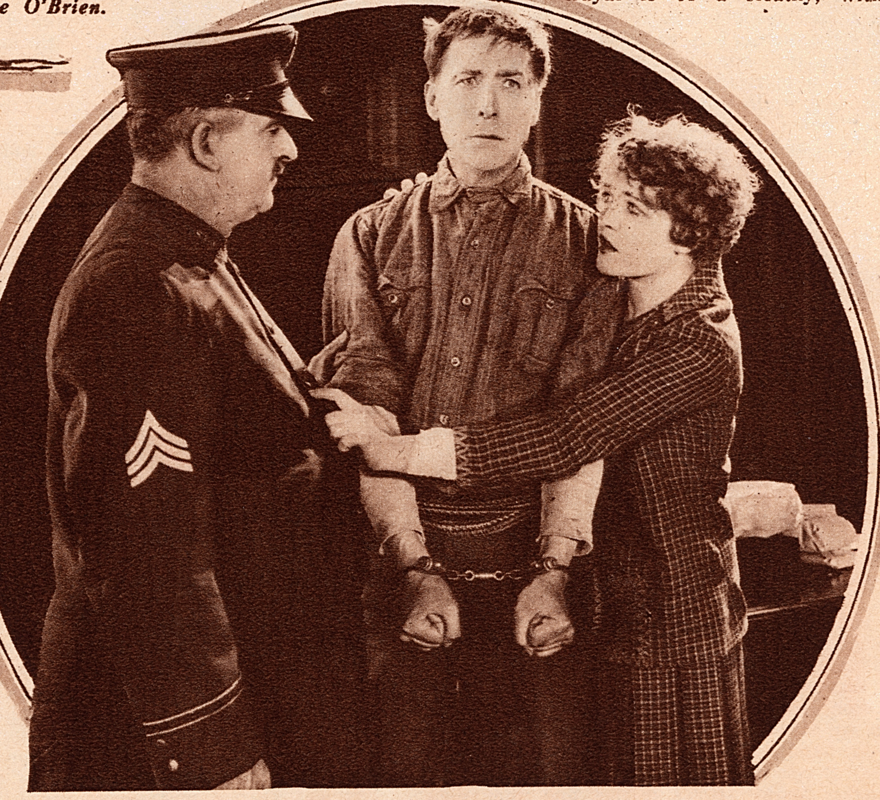
We wonder if Frances Hodgson Burnett is pleased with what the screen has done with her work. We think this latest Melford opus is about "the world's worst." It may seem harsh to make such a sweeping assertion, but when you see, or if you see "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," screen version, you may agree with us.

It is a tale of the London slums, in which appears, first, Sir Oliver, rich and old and through with life. He has gone to Apple Blossom Court to purchase a revolver and end it all.

Jacqueline Logan as Glad, a waif of the slums, is in love with the Dandy, a crook. The Dandy is the leader of a gang who is a firm advocate of the theory that all men should share equally the goods of this world. His slogan evidently is, "Get money—honestly, if you can—but get it."

He is implicated by another crook in a shooting, but old Sir Oliver, who the Dandy believes to be a crook, proves his alibi. Of course, the Dandy "comes back" through the efforts of Glad.

Raymond Griffith, as the crook, gives a fine, interesting and convincing performance. His portrayal is of a sleuthy, without



In *"Singer Jim McKee,"* William S. Hart brings back to the screen his old-time *Western* popularity.

Old Time NORMA

being vicious, nature. You can readily believe that a "sweet young thing" like Glad would fall for his caveman tactics.

Miss Logan is easy to look at and that's all. Acting is out.

The old movie stuff—vintage of 1910—predominates in this picture. Villain locks girl in room with himself. Much chasing around chairs and tables. Girl frantically clutching at *her* neck, instead of villain's. And bunk *ad infinitum.*

By now, you've probably guessed that we didn't care for "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"SINGER JIM McKEE"

Bill Hart Returns to the Screen

Presented by Famous Players, at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a cast including William S. Hart, Phyllis Haver, Gordon Russell, Ruth Miller, Bert Sprotte. Directed by George Melford. A Paramount Picture.

William S. Hart returns to the screen in a picture which will undoubtedly appeal to his personal following and in the name part of a story of a man who "bursts into song" whenever he experiences a big moment.

Of course there is a lapse of fifteen years and the tale resumes in a mining town where the child, now a young woman, falls in love with the bank president's son, who takes her to a party and there leaves her because of her inferior appearance. Singer Jim, having seen the incident, holds up a bus to give the girl an inheritance.

Caught and sent to prison, the girl does not again see McKee until he has served his sentence. Going through the woods one day, she hears Jim's song being mimicked by a parrot which he has picked up and it leads her to him.

Gordon Russell and Bert Sprotte are worthy of special mention in this production. Phyllis Haver, who, to begin with, is miscast, gives a dull and lifeless performance.

But Bill Hart is his old, fascinating self and will undoubtedly add new names to his long list of admirers.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"LOVE'S WHIRLPOOL"

A Tale of Crooks and Lovers

Presented at the Cameo Theatre, New York, with a cast including James Kirkwood, Lila Lee, Robert Agnew, Matthew Betz, Edward Martindale, Margaret Livingston, Madge Bellamy, Clarence Geldert and Joe Mills. Produced by W. W. Hodkinson and directed by Bruce Mitchell.

Madge Bellamy suffers acutely beneath the persecution of James Kirkwood in "Love's Whirlpool."

There is always a place for the rattling good crook play. Something in human nature responds to the career of the criminal, finding in it an unending source of interest and a vicarious sense of satisfaction. Perhaps it's because we all have a little of the criminal at heart about us that makes us thrill to the exploits of Joe, the yegg.

However, "Love's Whirlpool" is entertaining, if nothing more, and it has that excellent actor, James Kirkwood, to make its story plausible and convincing. We used to think that James Kirkwood was about the best actor on the screen. If, in recent times, he's slipped a little from that position, we still think he's one of the best.

In "Love's Whirlpool," James Kirkwood plays the part of Jim Reagan, a hardened criminal. Reagan has sworn vengeance upon a banker named Milton for having been the indirect means of causing the death of Milton's younger brother, Larry. To avenge this wrong, as he sees it, Reagan plots to kidnap Milton's daughter and torture her.

The plot works successfully and the girl is captured, but Reagan's wife, Pansy, ingeniously saves the girl from her husband's wrath and restores her to her father. Reagan's regeneration follows which, because James Kirkwood does it, is a wholly convincing bit of work.

The picture abounds in melodramatic turns and there is enough suspense for anyone. Lila Lee does splendidly as Pansy, the criminal's wife, and Madge Bellamy continues to be—at least in our opinion—the most beautiful girl in the movies.

The direction is adequate and the remainder of the cast do well enough with what they have to do. Interest centers in the Kirkwood, Lee, Bellamy triumvirate, and the personalities of these three are enough to make almost any picture good. It won't bore you.

The crook play is like the hardy perennial. It's "pull" is unfailing; take a thoroughly rascally villain, a pretty girl and some money, and you have something in the way of make-believe that will while away an idle hour.

Raymond Griffith lays down the law in no uncertain manner to *Jacqueline Logan* in *"The Dawn of a Tomorrow."*

The White Sin

Away from the tyrannical oppression of her spinster aunt fled *Hattie Lou*—only to encounter greater misery at the mercy of the world. Read this gripping fictionization of the *Palmer* photoplay by *Harold Shumate*, as released by the *Film Booking Offices*

By Charles Warnerby

IT WAS a very trembling pair of knees that bore Hattie Lou Harkness out of her aunt's home on that early summer morning in Farm Center. Hattie Lou realized the deed she was committing as she looked at the old house for the last time. She knew that her irascible Aunt Cynthia would never forgive her for what she was doing. Yet the drabness of her life with her querulous relative on one hand, and the glamorous appeal of her invitation to be one of the Van Gore yachting party, on the other, tore her, as it were, between two emotions.

She hurried down the main thoroughfare of the sleepy little village, her heart beating tumultuously. She had phoned Grace Van Gore in answer to the latter's proposal, telling her she would go if she could take Ginger, her pet rooster, with her; but at the last moment Hattie Lou had decided to leave Ginger at home. He would be sure of a kind, even if an exacting home with Aunt Cynthia, and after all, Hattie Lou considered, a yacht was no place for a rooster.

Grace Van Gore's proposal that Hattie Lou make one of the party that was sailing on the Van Gore yacht, the *Narka*, still tingled in Hattie Lou's brain with all of its original and surprising novelty. It had come after a day in which Hattie Lou had been peculiarly bothered by Aunt Cynthia's fault-finding.

Although she knew that its acceptance meant the closing of the door upon her of the only home she had ever known, she could not find it in her heart to refuse. She had borne with her aged relative's peculiarities—her sharp tongue, her acid nature, as long as she felt it humanly possible to bear with them. Now—before her—stretched a new world, a new life. Whether it would make or break her in the commonly accepted sense of the term, Hattie Lou little pondered. Her one thought, her one desire, was for freedom, freedom from carping criticism and querulous complaint, and *this* she knew—she could only find elsewhere than under her aunt's roof.

They had prepared to make an early start from the Van Gore household, and there was a stir of activity about the spacious grounds when Hattie Lou arrived, that showed that more than the maids were up and about. Hattie Lou passed quickly in on the wide, smooth driveway and on up to the wide veranda that faced a far-flung distant view of the Connecticut Sound.

As Hattie Lou climbed, with somewhat timid, hesitating steps, the stairs of the veranda, a screen door in its upper end banged shut and Preston Van Gore came out upon the porch. His face, when he beheld Hattie Lou, lighted up in the curious fashion she had frequently noted on their meeting and which had caused her to wonder.

"Hello there, Hattie Lou!" he called in a friendly voice. "I'm glad to see you here so bright and early. Grace and I were just talking about you and wondering if you would come."

HATTIE stared uncertainly back at him. He was a rather good-looking fellow with a little brown mustache, but she wasn't as yet quite able to tell whether she liked him or not.

"Yes, I've—I've come," she answered nervously.

He watched her for a moment in smiling silence and then, as the restraint seemed a little awkward, he extended his hand for the small bundle of he personal effects that she carried.

"Let me take your things," he said, "and show you where to find Grace."

Hattie Lou surrendered her bundle and followed Van Gore into the house that was one of the show places of Farm Center. Up a wide stairway of polished oak they went, to the bedrooms above, where in a wide front chamber they found Grace Van Gore before a mirror, completing her toilet for the morning.

"OH, Hattie Lou!" Grace cried, as she saw her brother's companion. "I'm so glad you came. Do come and help me fix the band about my hair."

Preston Van Gore left the two girls together, descending to the floor below, while Hattie Lou entered into her duties as a companion and maid to Grace Van Gore, quite as though it were a usual enough thing for her to do.

It grieved Hattie Lou a little to think she had become almost in actual fact a servant, yet the acquaintance that she enjoyed with the Van Gores made her feel a little differently about it. After all, she was with friends, Hattie Lou thought, and this was quite a little different than being with strangers.

The party had agreed to meet, Grace told her, on the *Narka* itself, where she lay moored in the Sound, a distance of twelve miles away. The run could quickly be made in a car, Grace explained, and with good luck they should be on the water in an hour's time and their yachting trip begun. It was to be a marvelous holiday, Grace said, for all of them.

At length, breakfast eaten, at which Hattie Lou had said scarcely a word, so great was her wonderment and dread at the step she had taken, Preston and Grace Van Gore, accompanied by Hattie Lou, set out in the Van Gore roadster for the Sound, where the *Narka* lay. The air, beating against their faces from a southerly quarter, sent the blood pounding in Hattie Lou's temples. It was a new life for her, yes, but oh, it was a free life, and this, to young hearts like Hattie Lou's, meant everything.

The yacht was reached in less than twenty minutes, and the picture it presented as it lay, long, white and supine, made Hattie Lou feel that she had never seen so beautiful a thing. A merry crowd had already gathered on board—the younger set of Farm Center in part, with more whom Hattie Lou did not know. In a minute they were the center of a laughing throng, from which Grace and Hattie Lou escaped with relief to Grace's cabin below.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Poor little *Hattie Lou* had not the vaguest suspicion that her marriage was not a legal one or that she had been made the victim.

May McAVOY denies Her Engagement to Glenn Hunter

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

May McAvoy has come back to Hollywood, and says there isn't a word of truth in the report that she is engaged to marry Glenn Hunter.

"I'm not engaged to Glenn, though we are very good friends. I do not expect to think of marrying for a long time. I'm interested in my work."

Robert Agnew in the meantime is again fluttering around May, and it is likely that they will take up their friendship right where they left it off when May went to New York last summer.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

The Stork to Visit Doris May MacDonald

The stork is going to be a busy bird out in Hollywood during the next few months, if nothing happens. Many a famous home in the film colony is being watched by him.

And now, if things go right, Wallace MacDonald, who is making a hit in "Thy Name Is Woman," will be a proud dad within a few months. He is married to Doris May, you know, and theirs is one of the happiest homes in Hollywood. Both have wanted children, but it isn't until lately that Doris has given up her profession entirely for her home.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Claire Windsor Comes Home

Claire Windsor has returned from Europe, bringing with her a whole trunkful of dresses from Paris, and all sorts of assorted impressions and information about the Orient.

She loved Egypt best of any country she was ever in, she says, because of its romance and atmosphere.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Jack Gilbert Leaves Fox

Jack Gilbert, who has been under the Fox banner for the past three years, is to go it alone and free-lance. He and Leatrice Joy, his wife, want to take a trip abroad as soon as both find a few weeks' vacation in which they will be free to travel.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Marilynn Miller To Do Screen Version of "Sally"

Marilynn Miller may do a film version of "Sally," her big stage musical comedy success. She is trying now to get the film rights of the musical play.

"That is the only picture story I should care to do," said Marilynn the other day. "I'm not planning to rest on my stage laurels when I go into pictures. I want good stories."

Miss Miller is to remain in Hollywood with her husband, Jack Pickford, until August, while he makes two pictures, and she does "Sally," if she can obtain the rights. Then they are going back to New York, where Marilynn will start rehearsals for "Peter Pan" on the stage, and Jack will make another picture in the east.

"Jack and I have determined not to be separated," explained Miss Miller. "We don't think it is a good thing to be separated. We want to go to Europe together, when we both have a vacation."

In the meantime Marilynn and Jack are staying at the Pickford-Fairbanks home, while Mary and Doug tour Europe.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

William Farnum's Picture Plans

It looks like a good year for William Farnum, who is coming back into pictures under the Lasky banner after being out for a year. He will spend

May McAvoy and *Glenn Hunter* again deny their engagement—this is only a "still" from *"West of the Water Tower."* PARAMOUNT

half his year in Hollywood making pictures and half his year in New York on the stage.

He has arrived in Hollywood, and is living on his handsome big hill-top home at the head of La Brea Avenue, where he owns a huge estate of several acres. He enjoys the fishing on the Pacific Coast, and he and his brother, Dustin Farnum, take long fishing trips together. Farnum holds several fishing records. His wife and adopted daughter are with him. He is adorning his home, these days, with some beautiful things which he brought with him from his recent stay abroad notably some statuary and paintings.

He will return to New York next fall to appeal in Eugene O'Neill's play, "The Fountain," under management of Arthur Hopkins.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Matt Moore Has Narrow Escape

Matt Moore recently had a rather harrowing reminder of the perils of picture making. In fact he escaped a fracture of the skull by the margin of a young gnat's eyebrow. It was all in the day's work at the F. B. O. studios, where Matt is playing in "Fools in the Dark," along with Patsy Ruth Miller.

One of the thrills in the story comes about when a chandelier chain breaks and the heavy fixture falls twenty feet to the floor. It was to be dropped at a given signal, so that it would miss Moore's head by two inches. Matt was dead game, however. There was no rehearsal; the signal was given and down came the heavy lights, smashing in a hundred pieces. Moore sat quite still while the chandelier whirled by, and the breeze it caused ruffled his hair. If he hadn't ducked his head slightly, the lights unquestionably would have beaned him.

As it was, he had nothing worse than a bad scare, and the conviction that, if necessary, he could get a job with a Mack Sennett comedy ducking custard pies.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Johnnie Walker Gets Playful

Johnnie Walker, playing in Emory Johnson's picture, "Swords and Ploughshares," was out riding one night recently with a practical joker friend, when two revenue officers approached them.

"Whatcha got in the car?" asked the booze sleuths.

"Nothing but Johnnie Walker," replied Johnnie's friend. And he sat there chuckling while the revenuers took out everything from the machine except the chassis. Finally Johnnie assured him that he was the Johnnie Walker in question.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Louise Fazenda Returns to Comedy

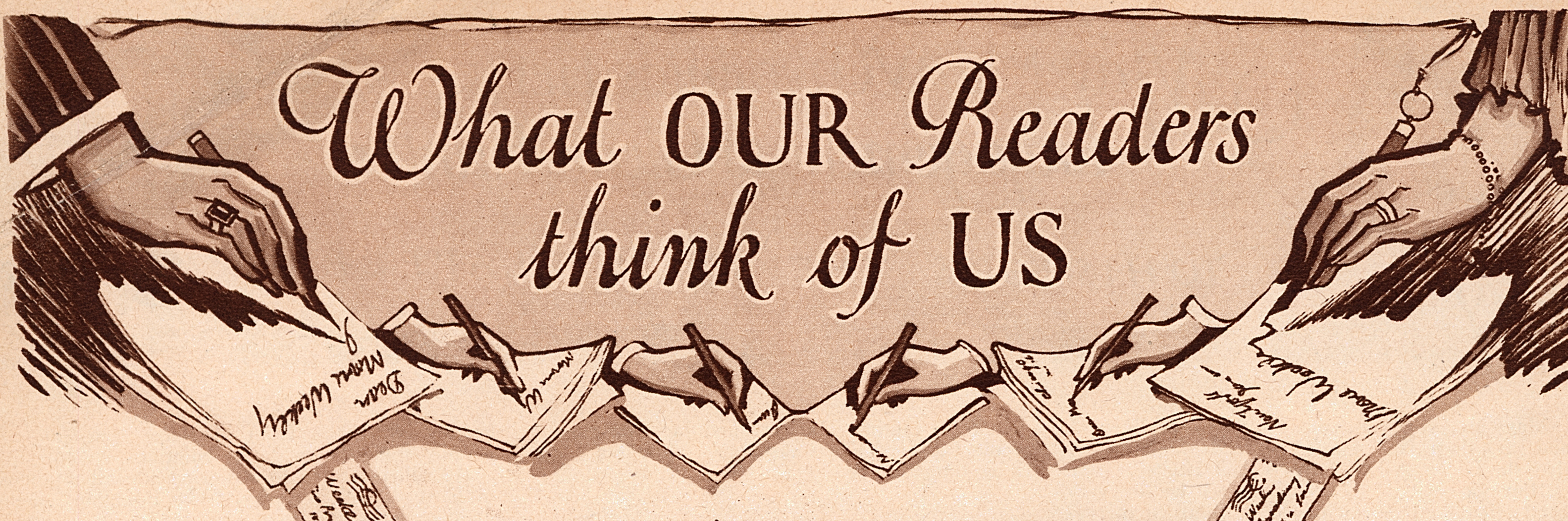
It is back to the pig-tails for Louise Fazenda, who has been playing "dressy" parts for the past year, but who has been engaged by Jack White for a Mermaid comedy or two.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Who Will Be "Bird of Paradise?"

Just who will play Luana in "The Bird of Paradise" remains to be seen. Estelle Taylor is a good type, but it appears certain that she will have a long-term contract with Lasky, her work in "The Ten Commandments" having gained her universal honors.

Colleen Moore, of course, craves to play the role. She would probably get away with it by sheer force and fire of spirit and mind, but she isn't the type, according to the common idea of the part. Sylvia Breamer has been mentioned, and others. The matter won't be definitely settled for several weeks yet.



What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

I like your policy of giving us a chance to get in print, a thing we all like to do.

I am taking the latest copy of your magazine as my subject, the Marion Davies one, as I think it the best one you have ever published.

In the first place, the picture on the cover is pretty, and very appropriate. Your magazine gives me the very latest news of the movies and its stars. Then, too I like your way of giving everyone a chance—for instance, Fatty Arbuckle, Wally Reid and Mabel Normand. At the time when everyone, almost, was censuring them, you came out with a real human article about them and their troubles and asked the public to give them a square deal.

In this number you take us right to the studio with you to watch Rudolph Valentino in his first day's work—an interesting article.

I like the interviews and wish you would give us more news about the stars—behind the scenes, in their homes with their families. I like the Colonel's Page, and have heard many others mention the same thing.

All of us would like to have spied around when Rudy was taking his trip, and it makes us almost see it with his descriptive style of writing of his travels.

I always read the reviews, for I have found that Mr. Vandercook and I think alike on lots of the pictures, so I am willing to take his word for the new ones.

I do not care for the serials you are running in the magazine; instead of having the book filled up with them, if you would have a page or two of little stories about the film folks, their homes or children, or little anecdotes about them, I think it would be much better reading. I have asked several people about this very thing, and they thought the same as I do.

The idea of having a "star" edit your paper once in awhile I think is fine.

I think the "whole page" photos you print are fine; a friend of mine has in her bedroom several pictures taken from Movie Weekly, and framed, and they look very nice.

In closing, I want to thank you for many happy hours you have given us in reading this magazine.

MOLLY LUDDY SPROULE.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I have been a very ardent reader of movie magazines—those published once a month and costing 20, 25 and 30 cents. I am beginning to realize, since I have been getting your Movie Weekly, that it is utterly foolish to buy the more expensive magazines at an outlay of 75 cents or more a month when I can get the very latest "moves" in Movieland from your magazine at 10 cents a week. The fact that it is a weekly and that you are getting the news while it is fresh is an added incentive.

I think the most interesting page in the magazine to me is "Whispers the Film Flapper." I do so enjoy these paragraphs of the latest news in personalities and production, and should like to have another page or so of them with suitable pictures, rather than one that has no connection with the subject matter. For instance: a picture of Betty Blythe, Nazimova or Bebe Daniels in an informal moment would have been more to the point, than the one of Dorothy Devore in your number of March 15th, for she was not mentioned in any of the paragraphs.

A review of the best in plays is all right, but a criticism I do not like, for it is certainly true that few like the same things; and to see a picture which has been unfavorably criticised spoils what might otherwise have been a very enjoyable picture to me. I have never cared much about reading a story and then seeing it on the screen, therefore the serial stories you have been running which are later to be filmed, do not appeal to me. I have enjoyed some of your other serial numbers very much.

I believe press agents would do well to tone down their so-called interviews with stars, as they are entirely too sensational and do not ring true. The interview as related by Marion Davies with Victor Herbert, added spice by deviating from the screen celebrity to a composer.

The little informal pictures, such as the one of Priscilla Dean Moran, in your March 15th issue, and that of Baby Peggy in the issue of March 22nd, are terribly catchy and make one feel warm through and through. I should also like to see a photo of some actress and actor, such as the one of Edmund Lowe in the March 15th issue. A photo of Gloria Swanson or some other popular actress on the preceding page would have better balanced your magazine.

IRENE MARSHALL.

Monte Blue is one man who is always looked up to, with his six feet two—especially by little girls like *Viola Dana,* four feet eleven.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I have read many screen magazines, but consider Movie Weekly by far the most interesting and truthful.

I enjoy especially the interviews, which show us the personalities of our favorite stars, the play reviews, which help us greatly in selecting our evening's entertainment, and also the pages of pictures, which give the plot of new movies. Why cannot more space be devoted to this latter instead of showing us some of the stars going through gymnastic exercises which don't mean anything?

The Colonel is delightful; he always answers questions in a satisfying and amusing way. The "Whispers of the Film Flapper" are very interesting.

The fiction printed in Movie Weekly is a great discredit to an otherwise good, clean magazine.

I greatly disapprove of Movie Weekly's system of having a star edit various issues. Every page in the magazine boasts the picture of the star editor, and this gets monotonous. It isn't necessary that the star comment on every article written; we are able to think for ourselves.

I think, also, that too much space is devoted to Rudolph Valentino. In the issue for March 15th, there were two articles about him. Why not an interview with Milton Sills, Richard Dix or some other male star in place of the second?

I would like to suggest that, as the public is always interested in anything which happens to stars on location, it might be well to have a star each week write up any exciting adventure he or she may have had.

MILDRED SOLDATE.

Finding "The Fountain of Youth"

A Long-Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness, Has Been Discovered.

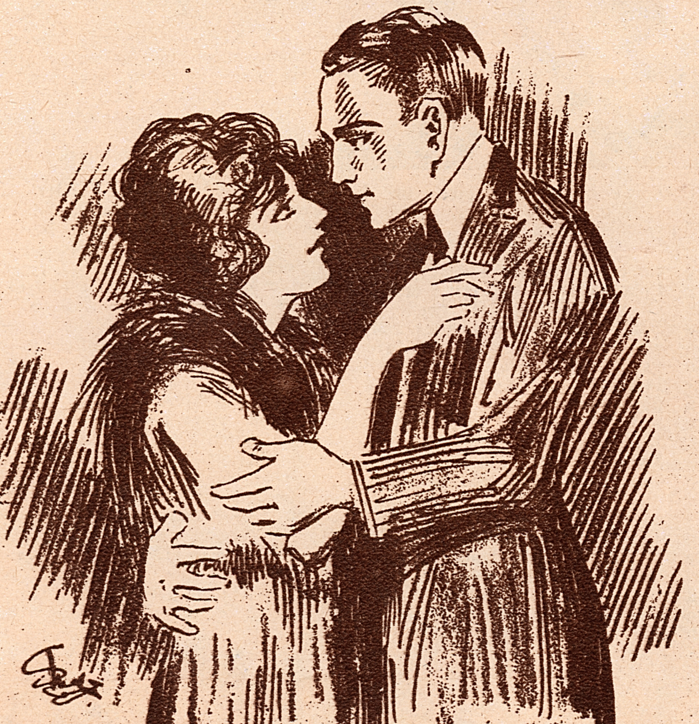
By Walter S. Dean

Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
—Omar Khayyam.

A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An answer to an ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, if it has not come already, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly-revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" nor a financial formula. It is not a political panacea. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—human happiness, especially in the later years of life. And there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of the practical where values must be proved. It "works." And because it does work—most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from disappointment and misery. Millions will rejoice because of it in years to come.

The peculiar value of this discovery is in its virtue for lifting the physical handicaps resulting from the premature warning of the vital forces of life, whether due to overwork, over-worry, sickness or the general over-expenditure of nervous energy in the strenuous living typical of the modern day. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient, "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, vibrant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.



Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization, with its wear and tear, rapidly depletes recuperative capacity, and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime.

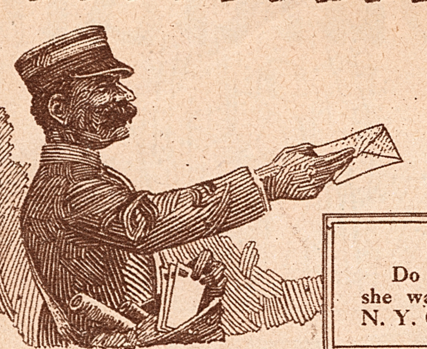
But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet, in the world's most melodious epic of pessimism, voiced humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of summer too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verse, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search, without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth"—the means for renewing energy and extending the summer time of life.

Now, after many years of research, joyful reports from thousands show that lives clouded by the haze of too early autumn have been illumined by the summer sun of health and joy; old age, in a sense being kept at bay, and the physical and mental vigor of former years again enjoyed in work and recreation. And the discovery which so adds to the joy of living is easily available to every one who feels the need of greater energy and vitality.

The discovery had its origin in famous European laboratories. Brought to America, it was developed into a product that has won the highest praise in thousands of cases, many of which had defied all other treatments. In scientific circles the discovery has been known and used for several years with extraordinary gratifying appreciation for the success it has demonstrated. It is now put up in convenient tablet form, under the name of Korex compound, for distribution to the general public.

Anyone who finds life losing its charm and color or the feebleness of old age coming on years too soon, can obtain full strength treatment of this compound, sufficient for ordinary cases, under a positive guarantee that it costs nothing if it fails to prove satisfactory and only $2 if satisfied. In average cases, the compound usually brings about gratifying improvement in a few days.

Simply write in confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 2168 Melton Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and this wonder restorative will be mailed to you, sealed in a plain wrapper. You may enclose $2 or, if you prefer, just send your name without money and pay the postman $2 and postage when the parcel is delivered. In either case, if you report within ten days that you are not satisfied, the purchase price will be refunded on request. The Melton Laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable. Moreover, their offer is fully guaranteed so no one need hesitate to accept it. If you need this widely praised and remarkable rejuvenator, write for it today.



Ivor Novello the Latest Screen Idol

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?
Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

A. M. P.—Ivor Novello seems to be all the rage now. Questions are just pouring in about him. He is back home in England, playing on the stage in "The Rat." I'm afraid movie fans will not see much more of him—for the present, at least. Perhaps you might reach him at the D. W. Griffith office, 1476 Broadway, N. Y. He is the son of the concert singer, Clara Novello Davies, and is himself a composer of distinction.

MARY—So Friday is your lucky day? Then I suppose every Friday is Good Friday for you. Gertrude Short played Topsy in "The Gold Diggers." Whether you like Norma or Mary Pickford better is purely a matter of personal taste.

IMA FLAPPER—I think Warner Baxter breaks many hearts by being married. His wife's name is Winifred Bryson. They live at 138 S. Beachwood Drive, Hollywood.

GIGGLEO—Eleanor Boardman is in her early twenties. She is not married. She lives at 1602 Vista del Mar, Hollywood. She is a blonde with green eyes and weighs 120. William Haines was the leading man in "Three Wise Fools."

NORA NO NO—Or, to carry that idea a little further, you might sign yourself, "We have no bananas, yes." Bebe Daniels is an only child; yes, she is in New York now. She was born in Dallas, Texas.

RED—Well, if you've been watching for your answer, your watch has stopped. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen and is a brunette. As he only made the one picture for Paramount, I don't know where you can reach him except at their studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

DARK-EYED BABY—As to whether I think Ramon Novarro is the "cat's whiskers," I never did care much for cat whiskers, somehow. William Collier, Jr., can be reached at the Friars' Club, 110 W. 48th St., New York. Write Bobby Vernon at 1756 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

BLUE EYES—It's good of you to wish me sweet dreams, but how am I going to get them in an office? Richard Dix and Lois Wilson, Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. Frank Mayo lives at 1708 Franklin Ave., Hollywood. Write Conway Tearle and Corinne Griffith, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. (United Studios).

WINDY AND SHORTY—You should sign it, "Shorty of Windy." Ramon Novarro is twenty-four and unmarried. His address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Rudolph Valentino is twenty-eight. Write him, Famous Players Studio, Astoria, L. I. Conrad Nagel's latest picture is "Three Weeks."

PEGGY—Lots of actresses use their own names—the Talmadges, Bebe Daniels, Olga Petrova and others too numerous to mention. Richard Talmadge's real name is Metzetti. Mary Miles Minter is twenty-two.

Eleanor Boardman **remembers that it's** *Easter* **and picks up this rabbit.** GOLDWYN

BETTY AND LOU—Yes, I can answer all your questions if my breath holds out. Alice Terry plays with Ramon Novarro in "The Arab." Corinne Griffith is twenty-six. Kenneth Harlan is divorced from Flo Hart. Ben Lyon made a few pictures about four years ago, but it has only been in the last year that he left the stage and devoted himself to movies. William Collier has made pictures for eight years.

VILLAGE BELLE—Bring on your bunch of questions. I like bunches of anything, especially bananas. Richard Dix is thirty and is six feet tall. He has brown hair, rather wavy, and brown eyes. Lionel is the younger brother of John Barrymore. Agnes Ayres is twenty-four; she is a blonde with grey eyes. She is divorced from Frank Schusker. See BLUE EYES and GIGGLEO.

M. T.—Don't blame poor Ramon because you received a picture of Jackie Coogan by mistake. Ramon's pictures are sent out from the Metro Studio, who also send Jackie's. Nona in "If Winter Comes" was played by Ann Forrest. Rudolph Valentino was born May 6, 1895.

BABY BLUE EYES—Yes, I always "treat myself good"—if I can't find anyone else to treat me. Pola Negri is divorced from Count Dombski. She is twenty-eight. Nita Naldi is twenty-four and unmarried. Barbara La Marr is twenty-five; she is Mrs. Jack Dougherty. Gloria Swanson is five feet three and weighs 112.

H. M. K.—If you didn't receive an answer to your questions last year, perhaps it was because you didn't realize how long it takes for an answer to appear. Derelys Perdue was formerly one of the Marion Morgan dancers, until her dancing got her roles in pictures, when she became a screen actress. She is five feet five, a brunette, and weighs 125 pounds.

BABS—What are you starting, a matrimonial agency, that you want to know all about who's married to whom? Yes, Allen Holubar, Dorothy Phillips' husband, died recently of pneumonia. Mae Murray was formerly married to Jay O'Brien. Claire Windsor's former husband was Billy Boweson. Jane Novak is divorced from Frank Newburg.

MISS FULLER BULL—Charles De Roche lives in Hollywood. Write him at the Lasky Studio there. See VILLAGE BELLE.

OH, MIN—Of course I don't mind if you call me dear. The names have to be worse than that before anyone can insult me. George O'Hara is about twenty-five. Write him, F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

IRENE — No, your question doesn't tax me too much. After what the government did to me in that respect, nothing could! I don't know where you could get a picture of Marianno Novarro, unless the Metro Studio would have one.

BUTTERCUP — How appropriate! It's springtime. Priscilla Dean is in her late twenties. She lives at 5611 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

DOLLY—No, J. Warren Kerrigan is not in New York, and hasn't been for some time. He is thirty-five.

PARK AVENUE FLAPPER—Write Clara Bow at Preferred Pictures, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. See WINDY.

JACKIE — Edward Burns is twenty-seven; no, he isn't married. He lives at 1346 Sycamore St., Los Angeles. Bert Lytell is thirty-six and is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Yes, Jack Holt is the father of several children.

WICKED HOLLWOOD—Who ever told you Hollywood was wicked? Conrad Nagel is about twenty-nine. He works at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. Mae Murray is a blonde and never was French in her life. Bebe Daniels doesn't have any special leading man—it's a different man in each picture.

MOST ANXIOUS MARIEL—And it won't relieve your anxiety a bit when I tell you that Malcolm MacGregor is married. His address is Metro Studio. Myrtle Stedman lives at 308 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles.

WI HI STUDENT—So you're just wild about Kenneth? Kenneth Harlan lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(*Continued from page 15*)

Some of them were smiling and chattering together. Others frowned or were intent upon their own thoughts. I stood there tensely, studying each face that passed me. Sometimes a group would appear and be gone so swiftly that my eyes had to flicker like lightning from one face to another.

The procession seemed endless and the concentration was actually a strain. Each moment I would tell myself, "She will be the next!" and each moment some new, unfamiliar face would appear around the turn of the path. All at once a lull fell, then two or three stragglers hurrying, then no one.

I TOOK the pipe from my mouth. This couldn't be all of them! Where was Laura? It dawned on me sickeningly that I had come on a wild goose chase, that I had buoyed up my spirits by permitting myself to believe that she was certainly on location with Hilliard Browne.

I felt inexpressibly depressed and beaten. It seemed to me then that all my life I was being punished for my early faithlessness, so that this one girl who had meant so much to me, I could never find. And in my frustration I no longer doubted whether I could still care for her. I knew with certainty, that there could be no other woman for me.

I walked back slowly towards Browne's headquarters. There was nothing for me to do but return to Los Angeles, but the spirit had gone out of me. I must return with little hope. As I walked past the dining tent, I saw Browne seated there in solitary grandeur, waited on by several servants, and making a king's breakfast.

To look at him, one would never have suspected that he was the dynamo of energy he proved to be in action, that in his head he carried figures of incalculable amounts, that he was swift to snatch victory from defeat, a modern general of the films.

I sauntered in and sat down beside him, wondering why he wasn't out in the field.

"The devil's own time!" he complained heartily, helping himself simultaneously to a generous portion of scrambled eggs. "My assistants are out trying to whip the crowd into shape, and I'll be hanged if when I get there, I won't have to begin all over again! I brought one good man down with me, and then he falls in love, the fool, and beats it back this morning. I didn't have him under contract, either."

"What do you mean?" I asked idly.

"Why Frank Bailey," he said. "You know him—that young fellow. Yes, he fell in love with some girl or other on the lot, and five minutes after you were here, dropped in to tell me he was on his way back with the girl."

Something froze my attention—a suspicion for which I had no ground, but which gripped me like the bold truth.

"This girl," I stammered, "what did she look like—what was she called?"

Browne regarded me curiously. "Blonde," he explained briefly. "I forget the name, it was something Danish, Norwegian—damned if I know!"

"Carlsen?" I suggested.

He nodded. "Yes, that was it."

I didn't try to hide my emotions. "And they've gone, you say? They're going back to Los Angeles and get married there?"

"That's about the size of it."

"Hilliard," I said, "I've got to have a car. Have you one to spare?"

He frowned. "We're short. We're working 'em hard. Supplies and grub."

"I tell you I've got to have one!" I repeated desperately.

HE SCRATCHED his chin. "All right," he said. "If you'd been willing to wait a bit, it wouldn't have been difficult. But right now, it puts me out some. I don't mind saying."

Then all at once he stuck out his hand and caught mine, showing that magnetic smile of his. "Good luck, Hal!" he exclaimed. "Take all the cars on the lot if you want to. Say, I said it was all right. And I hope you catch 'em."

That was all. He did not inquire into my haste, or the anxiety that showed so plainly in my face; he was simply ready to help me to the limit of his power - a big man with a big heart.

Less than half an hour later I was speeding down the highway for all I was worth. I didn't stop to question my action, but drove as if my very soul depended on overtaking Laura and Frank Bailey. If I had let myself think of the situation as it actually existed, I believe I would have given up in despair. Why, it was almost grotesque! Here was I tricked into a marriage that nevertheless held good, racing madly after a girl who was actually on the way to marrying another man herself!

The car that I was driving was a lumbering roadster of several seasons previous, but I was assured that it could stick to the road and make time. I stepped on the accelerator, and raced. I scarcely ever shifted my speeds and took corners without slackening pace, but in spite of this I had no sight of the car in which Frank Bailey and the girl I loved were going back to Los Angeles to get married.

If I could only reach them at the junction station from which I'd descended that morning! Or if only the train connections were such that they would have to wait! I remembered that Browne had told me of Bailey's plan of driving to the junction, and going the rest of the way by rail.

All at once my engine sputtered and went dead. I jumped out. Impatiently I tried to find out what had happened. Then I saw. The timing-gear was out of kilter. I looked around that lonely stretch of countryside, and groaned at the thought of my helplessness.

Then, leaving the car where it was, I began to hurry down the road on foot. I walked blindly, my thoughts in confusion, my whole soul bent upon one object: to reach Laura Carlsen somehow, some way, before she was lost to me forever! There was just a chance, so small a chance I scarcely dared pin my hopes upon it, but it was all I had.

I must have covered three lonely miles before I discovered a house. I knocked and routed the farmer out. He looked at me with suspicion. I suppose he imagined I was a fugitive from justice, or something equally wild. With short answers he told me he had no car, and never expected to have one.

"Anything," I pleaded. "I've got to get to the junction. It's a matter of the utmost importance!"

Then I pulled out a loose handful of bills. The old man's eye rested on these with a vague greed.

"Well," he said at last, "I've got a horse. I might drive you there, though I don't know as you'd have time to make the two-fourteen, if that's what you're after. But don't tell me your business, mind! I don't want to know it. So afterwards, if they come snooping around after me, I can tell 'em I didn't know nothing about you."

HIS firm conviction that I was a criminal would have made me laugh under any other circumstances. I drove a quick bargain with him, and in a few minutes he had hitched up his horse. We went down that quiet road at a dreary jog-trot. It seemed to me that we were crawling. The horse was old and sedate, and now and then its master would flick his whip idly, say "Giddap!" and shift his cud of tobacco from one cheek to the other. But the old horse never went any faster.

That ride will always remain the longest in my history. It seemed years before we came into sight, at last, of the junction town. Still the old horse plodded slowly on. I looked at my watch. It was train time already.

"Fifty dollars, if you get me to the station on time," I said.

The farmer bent over his reins, working now, but his efforts seemed to achieve little. Then, from far away, I heard the whistle of the train!

We rattled down the short gully that led to the station. The train had drawn up there. I saw a few minute figures climbing on board, but they were too far away to distinguish. My heart beat at the knowledge that among them must be Laura Carlsen! But I was bitter at my failure, too.

As we drew near the station, there was a puff from the big engine and the train rolled leisurely away. I jumped down and gazed after it with dejected eyes. I'd lost, and that was all there was to it. It was vain to tell myself now that it wouldn't have mattered if I had reached Laura in time; that was a reflection tinged with sour grapes.

I stood there helplessly, bereft of a plan or a purpose. Then I heard another whistle sound suddenly, and a new train came unexpectedly into view and drew up beside the platform.

"They've tripled your salary, dear"

"I TELL you, Tom, it was a lucky day for both of us when you sent in that I. C. S. coupon. You'd never be where you are to-day if you hadn't decided to study in spare time just when you did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service. There is a job ahead of YOU. Some man is going to be picked for it. The boss can't take chances. He is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work.

Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I. C. S., just as thousands of other men and women have done.

The first step they took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

Mail the coupon to-day!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2379, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Architects' Blue Prints
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Metallurgy	☐ Navigation
☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name....................

Street Address.................... 3-6-24

City.................... State....................

Occupation....................

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Sedan Given Away

You Can Win a Sedan
Surely you want this latest model Ford Sedan. Write me today.

We have given away many Autos. Now we will give a new latest model Ford Sedan completely equipped, delivered freight and tax paid. The ideal car for all-year use.

19	5	4	1	14	7	9	22	5	14

Can You Solve This Puzzle? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What two words are represented by the figures? (19 is letter S). SEND NO MONEY—just write the two words and your name and address. Be first—write today.

Send Answer Today Besides Sedan we give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Watches, etc., and hundreds of dollars in cash. EVERYBODY WINS! Nothing difficult to do; all can share in Cash and Prizes. You can win the Sedan and bring to you and your loved-ones the joys only a Sedan can give. SEND YOUR ANSWER TODAY and try for this Sedan.

M. L. BOEING, Mgr. Dept. 2522 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

How To Make Others Love You

How to charm and fascinate whom you will —to make others think, act and feel as you wish. Employ ancient method that has lent mystery to Spain and lure to Spanish women. Free Book tells what to do. Cannot be secured elsewhere in the world. Send 10c to help cover postage, mailing, etc., and get surprising revelation from weird, wonderful, far-off South America. D. W. Morey, Box 613, Dept. 101, Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America.

$75.00 CASH WEEKLY *also* Guaranteed Salary

Steady income; pleasant, easy, demonstrating Violet Rays and Electrical devices. Experience not required; the demonstration makes many buy on sight; marvelous, scientific devices bring health and beauty. Endorsed by doctors and plain folks. MEN and WOMEN earn big money, spare or all time. Salary to producers. Commissions liberal, in advance. We deliver and collect. A push-over, quick money. Write for exclusive territory.

VI-REX CO. 211 So. Peoria St. Dept. A-57 **Chicago**

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.
Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet
D. J. MAHLER CO., 24-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.
WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
228 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

Wanted For Movies

Ladies and gentlemen wanted to act with stars in big films to follow our past successes at the Strand, Rialto, Rivoli and other Broadway theatres. Experience unnecessary.
PREEMINENT PICTURES COMPANY
145 West 45th Street :: New York City

ARE YOU THIN AND WEAK

Then send for Bernarr Macfadden's treatise on the subject of weight building, entitled

"GAINING WEIGHT"

which is based on common sense plus a profound knowledge of the human body. The great physical culturist tells you exactly why you are thin and then shows you the remedy. His carefully outlined instructions are devised to fit every varying circumstance and condition of the individual. In this little book is the exact information you need.

The price of "GAINING WEIGHT" is 50 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER:
But we are giving this splendid booklet with a year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine at **$3.10**
Canadian and foreign orders—cash in advance

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. 2, 1926 Broadway, New York City

"What's this train?" I inquired of a bystander. "Where does it go? I didn't know——"

"This is the second section of the two-fourteen," he told me.

Then there was still a glimmer of hope! I put some money —I don't know how much—into the old farmer's hand, and leaped up the steps. My last glimpse through the windows as the train moved on was of the old man still sitting there, thoughtfully regarding the money in his hand as if thankful for the extravagance of desperate criminal characters.

DUSK was beginning by the time I reached Los Angeles. I got into a cab and drove at once to the small apartment which, I remembered, was where Frank Bailey lived. I rang and rang, but could get no answer. In my mind's eye I saw Frank and Laura as married by this time, perhaps, dining together in some hotel, their fingers touching across the table top. It was maddening!

I pressed the janitor's bell, hoping that I might, by some possible chance, get some information there.

"Mr. Bailey," I almost gasped; "do you know where he is?"

The janitor shook his head. "No. He left a week ago. He's not living here any more."

"Not living here! But his card's there—in that box."

"I know. It hasn't been taken out yet."

"Well, where has he gone?"

"Can't say. Didn't leave no forwarding address."

I went out and sought a phone booth. I called up half a dozen people I knew in the hopes of reaching him. The last one, just before I was ready to give up in despair, told me Bailey's new telephone number.

When I called this, there was no answer.

It was getting late. There wasn't any use in trying any longer. I was dead fagged from my long, ceaseless pursuit, and I was past hope. I went out and, calling a cab, I made my way homewards.

When I entered the door, Mrs. Woods, my housekeeper, greeted me with a whisper.

"There's a lady here, sir."

"A lady?"

"Yes, sir. I wasn't going to let anyone in, but she said she was a friend of Mr. Bailey's, sir."

"Mr. Bailey?" I fairly shouted.

I brushed past her and burst into the living room. My senses swam as I saw a tall girl, whose beauty was indelibly traced upon my brain, rise to greet me. It was Laura Carlsen!

Is Hal Kent in time to prevent Laura's marriage to Bailey? And what is the reason for Laura's mysterious call? Follow Hal Kent's adventures in next week's Movie Weekly.

Charlie Chaplin's New Leading Lady—Lita Grey!

(*Continued from page 7*)

and he and Chuck Reisner happened to be walking past a friend's house where I was playing out on the lawn with some children. I knew Chuck, and he called to me. I was introduced to Charlie. I had long black curls, and Charlie seemed to think my hair was pretty. He seemed to think of me as a child. He said, 'I'm using some young girls in my picture. Come on down to the studio and be in the picture.' I was so thrilled! I didn't play any more that afternoon. I ran home and told mother and grandmother that I was going to be in Charlie Chaplin's picture! And then I got that wonderful bit to do! No I haven't ever done anything in pictures since. I've been going to school—taking a business course," and Lita made a wry face. "My grandfather made me do it; but how I hated it!"

Lita Grey isn't her real name. It is Macmurray. She is, however, descended on her mother's side from one of the original first families of Los Angeles—a Spanish family named Navarro, who built a home near the then fashionable Plaza district, on land granted them by King Carlos III, of Spain.

It was Charlie who named his new leading lady Lita Grey. And I'm rather cross at him about that name. Why didn't he call her by some Spanish name—Lita Navarro, for instance?

For she is the perfect Spanish type.

"Charlie always says," said Lita's mamma proudly, "that Lita has a face like a cameo."

"Oh, don't, mamma!" protested Charlie's new leading lady, blushing to the roots of her hair.

WE WERE all sitting talking at Charlie's studio, one afternoon, Lita, her mother—who is herself a very beautiful little Spanish woman—and myself. And I noted that Lita has one of those rather proud, impassive faces that you find so often among the Spanish people—faces that can, however, break into the most beautiful, alluring smiles, the most fiery tempers.

And when the sunshine does break, it seems so much more vivid than if it is always there.

Lita is a talented girl. She has studied classic dancing and she dances beautifully. She also sings nicely. And she has studied dramatic art.

"I feel I have a wonderful chance," said Lita: "Mr. Chaplin says there is a fine acting opportunity in the story."

And her face glowed in all its Spanish beauty.

Certainly Charlie Chaplin has discovered another Clytie!

Miss Grey is a fine horsewoman, and she swims as well as she rides. She was born in Los Angeles, and like her Spanish ancestors she is a great outdoor girl.

She and Charlie play hand-ball these days, too.

The other day, searching for location, she and Charlie, her mother, and one or two of the other studio people drove over to Cucamonga, a few miles from Los Angeles.

"That's where the Navarros lived a hundred years ago," said Lita. "They owned the whole place, then, and my great grandmother's home was always open to her friends."

And the Spanish fire blazed in her dark eyes.

Why I Am Leaving the Movies

(*Continued from page 13*)

suns. Perhaps he will want the flare and glare of the Kleigs. The least we can do is hope for these things to come to pass. Then, we will be assured of another great picture—maybe more.

What will his African departure do to Alice Terry? Will it also rob the films of the winsome girl he has made into a star? These are questions which cannot be honestly answered at this moment. I do not think Mr. Ingram or Mrs. Ingram know definitely what will happen to the latter. At least Rex gave a non-committal answer to a question bearing on this matter.

Alice Terry Ingram is going to California shortly to take care of some property matters out there. Then she is coming on East again. At this time she will have to make the decision concerning life in Africa with her husband, or a picture career in America without him.

I have a feeling that Alice Terry will go with him. It is not necessary that she renounce the screen entirely if she does. There are fast ships to England and the Continent. She might take English or German or French picture offers, and still be within striking distance of the home in Tunis.

But there is one thing certain. Rex Ingram is going away . . . going to answer the invisible, insistent summons that the country of sun gilded sand seas has made to him . . . He moves under a spell that cannot be thrown off. Ingram walks in the spell of Africa!

Have You An Idea For A Movie Star?

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Big Money In It—

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers Big prices paid for accepted material.

Submit ideas in any form at once for our free examination and advice. **Previous experience unnecessary.** This is not a school. We have no course, plan, book, system or other instruction matter to sell you. A strictly bona fide service for those who would turn their talents into dollars.

An Interesting Booklet

"THE PHOTOPLAY IN THE MAKING"

Sent free for the asking.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS

Suite 602-M, Bristol Building New York, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU CAN make $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED

Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars

64 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have you made the most of your possibilities Have you a youthful appearance, clear complexion, clear, sparkling eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands? You can relieve large pores, wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense and quick results. Send for latest beauty hints—all free. Write today.

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE

(A Branch of Susanna Cocroft's Work)

Dept. 274-A, 1819 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS

Dont' send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted in any form; revised, criticied, copyrighted, marketed. We are right on the ground in daily touch with the studios. Not a school—no course or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION,

10 Security Bldg. Santa Monica & Western Ave. Hollywood Cal.

Pub. Popular Scenario Writer. *Send for free sample copy*

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose in a Week?

If you are fat and want to lose weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Rid-O-Fat treatment absolutely Free. Do Not Send Any Money—just your name and address to

THE BAYNE COMPANY

515 Coca Cola Building :: Kansas City, Mo.

Marvo BRINGS BEAUTY LIKE MAGIC

by removing the outer blemished skin, thus allowing NATURE to bring forth a NEW SKIN as clear as a baby's. If you are troubled with surface blemishes, such as Freckles, Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Eczema, discolorations, etc., MARVO will take them off, together with your aged skin, in an absolutely Harmless and Painless way, without the need of a costly and painful operation. No need to stay indoors while using MARVO. The genuine MARVO is colorless, pleasant to use and guaranteed to contain no injurious acids. Wonderful results proven. Write at once for FREE Marvo Beauty Book, which contains full particulars.

MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 312, 1658 Broadway N. Y.

New Hollywood Craze!

Movie Fan's Locket Ring for displaying your favorite's photo where you can see it all day long! Or put in sweetie's picture, a butterfly, or lock of hair. Solid Sterling Silver, cut to $1.97 to introduce quickly. Send stamps or money order (15c extra if C. O. D.).

PARK ROW CO. Park Row Bldg., N.Y., Dept. MW

Studio News Notes

She isn't engaged to Gene Sarazen, the famous golf champion with whom her name was connected, at all, says Pauline Garon, who has lately returned to Hollywood.

"I might be engaged to him if he asked me, but he hasn't," smiled the irrepressible Pauline. "We are just good friends, that's all."

Pauline is scheduled for an important role in King Vidor's current Goldwyn picture.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Virginia Valli is back home in Hollywood with her nice husband, Demerest Lamson. They are very happy at being united. "Demmy" is an assistant director out at the Universal studio, and they have a pretty little home on the side of a Hollywood hill.

Miss Valli is one of the comers in pictures, it would seem. She is to do a super-production with Universal adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "K," and will have Percy Marmont as her leading man.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

It is rumored that Mae Marsh is to play the leading role in D. W. Griffith's next picture, though Miss Marsh herself won't confirm it. She is out in California with her husband, Louis Lee Armes, and her baby Mary. She plays golf a great deal. Her husband's business interests are in the West, and she will remain here for several months at least.

Meanwhile she is having a chance to become acquainted with her sister Mildred, she says. Mildred is married to a member of an old Spanish family, the Del Valles, though his own name is Forrester. Mildred has two children, and Mae was godmother to the latest one, whose imposing moniker is to be Enrico Francisco Del Valle Forrester. But Mae says she is going to call him plain Henry Frank.

The christening took place at the ancient Church of Our Lady of the Angels at the Plaza in Los Angeles, where all the Del Valles have been christened for generations.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Who says that actors don't love their homes and families? At any rate, the stork is hovering about many Hollywood film players' homes. Barbara Bedford, who was married to Albert Roscoe a little over a year ago, is expecting the arrival of a little one.

Lila Lee is also down on the stork's list within the next few months. She and her husband, James Kirkwood, have been co-featured in Hodkinson Pictures, but she plans to take a vacation in a month or so to await the interesting event.

Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert will also be proud parents in the near future. And then there's Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd, Gladys Walton and hubby, James Hubbell, and, of course, Doris May and Wallace MacDonald.

It begins to look as if Hollywood were getting just as domestic as Hoboken, N. J.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

It has just come to light that Claire Windsor was a real heroine during the making of "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model," which was made mostly in New York.

During the filming of the fire scenes, the players were accidentally trapped at the back of the set. Lew Cody, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch and others had to run for their lives, and through the flames.

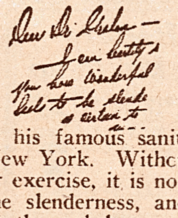
Miss Windsor's back was so badly scorched that she had to be taken to the receiving hospital. The story was suppressed at the time. However, Emmett Flynn related it to the writer, the other day, praising Miss Windsor's bravery and courage under suffering.

"She happened to be the one to suffer most from the flames," said Flynn, "but she never uttered a complaint or a moan, though suffering severely. I have never known a braver girl.

"She was just as fearless in every way during the filming of the railroad scenes and the others where real danger was encountered."

"Slender at Last!

How Wonderful it Feels"



PROMINENT women in society, business and the theatrical profession give unqualified praise to Dr. R Lincoln Graham's prescription, NEUTROIDS, for flesh reduction. "Slender at last! Oh, how wonderful it feels," write hundreds of grateful women. Dr. Graham has more than 3,000 such letters on file at his famous sanitarium on Eighty-ninth Street, New York. Without the annoyance of diet, baths or exercise, it is now possible to regain and retain the slenderness, and consequently the vitality of youth much longer than most women had expected.

Dr. Graham's Prescription Is Harmless

Dr. R. L. Graham

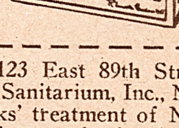
Neutroids, the prescription developed by Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, famous New York stomach specialist, after a lifetime of research, merely reduces the yeast cells in your stomach. This causes your food to turn into firm tissue instead of fat. Neutroids have just the opposite effect of yeast cakes and preparations taken by people who wish to gain flesh. They relieve you of that bloated feeling, nausea, headache, blood pressure and all the ills of obesity—at the same time reducing you to your desired weight. Neutroids are guaranteed harmless, containing *no thyroid* or other dangerous drug.

Personal Consultation Without Charge

Dr. Graham would be pleased to have you consult him personally at his sanitarium, or if you can not conveniently call, you may feel quite free to write him for professional advice regarding your case. This offer is open to all who order Dr. Graham's prescription, Neutroids, using the coupon below.

GUARANTEE ELIMINATES RISK

Dr. Graham guarantees Neutroids to give satisfactory results; and that his prescription may be taken with safety by anyone. Every woman or man who wishes to regain or retain the youthful, slender appearance and vigor of youth will use this coupon without delay.



DR. R. LINCOLN GRAHAM, 123 East 89th Street, Dept. 608-D, c-o The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., New York City:—Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Neutroids, which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay the postman $2 (plus 15c postage), on arrival of the Neutroids in *plain package*. I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 2 weeks' treatment.

Name...

Address..

....

Delica
Kissproof Lipstick

Gives your lips the blush of youth—just the correct touch of natural coloring—so delicate none will suspect. Stays on all day—water or "kisses" have no effect. You can identify the original "won't come off" lip rouge by the distinctive black and gold container.

At all Toilet Counters or Direct 50c

FREE

DELICA LABORATORIES INC.,
Dept. 145 933 Broadway, Chicago

Send me a generous sample of Delica Kissproof Lipstick together with sample bottle or Delica-Brow, the original liquid dressing for darkening the lashes and brows. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name ....

Address ....

Beauty is skin deep

Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. *Harmless, painless.* Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Results astounding. Ask your druggist or write for booklet "Magic of a New Skin."

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. 8JL, 30 E. 20th St., N.Y.

Get Rid of Your FAT

Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day, without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician, State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., Desk W

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

Advertisements in this column, 10 cents per word, each insertion payable in advance. Minimum 30 words. Forms close 25 days in advance of publication date.

Help Wanted—Male and Female

U. S. Government wants men—women, 18 up. Steady work. Life job. $100 to $250 month. Paid vacation. Influence unnecessary. List positions free. Write immediately — now. **Franklin Institute, Dept. J-107, Rochester, N. Y.**

All men, women, boys, girls—17 to 65, willing to accept Government positions. $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write **Mr. Ozment, 419, St. Louis, Mo.**

Correspondence Courses

Correspondence School courses only one-quarter original price. All subjects, for men or women. Free bargain catalogue 1000 courses. Used courses bought. **Students' Exchange, 47 West 42nd St., New York.**

Big money writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send for free copy America's greatest magazine for writers. Tells you how to write and sell. **Writer's Digest, 815 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Photoplays

PHOTOPLAYS WANTED. Live, original photoplays wanted for new production. We pay $250 to $500 for acceptable stories. Enclose fifty cents for examination. **Literary Exchange, Box 52, Chelmsford, Ont.**

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page 11*)

I thought, then, that I was a very valiant leading spirit, and Maria, my willing slave and servile accomplice. But in the wisdom of later years, upon looking back, I am beleagured with the hankering suspicion that it was Maria who did the leading and I who did the slaving.

For instance, the episode that came most sharply to my mind was the generous occasion upon which I initiated Maria into the charm of smoking corn silk. I thought myself very grand and grown-up, quite the peer of Alberto or any of the other older lads. And I strove mightily to impress Maria with my magnificence.

I didn't succeed very well. She quite disdained my corn-silk manoeuvres. And, even when I had been able to save up five centimes and bought some Virginia cigarettes to puff off splendidly before her in the dim and remote recesses of the barn, even then I failed of the impression I so ardently desired to make.

If a male fails to fascinate a woman with his prowess, he will go to any ends, however desperate, to attain results. I verily believe that there is no stimulus to a man quite as potent as the desire to have some especial member of the opposite sex quite speechless with awe and admiration of him.

Men commend him and the commendation is warm and pleasant. But a man's most coveted audience is a woman. Her approbation the ultimate laurel wreath.

And so with me, as a boy, Maria was the audience I strove to invoke. It was my desire to appear great before her that led me into one of my renowned pranks.

The corn-silk and the dearly bought Virginia cigarettes both having failed, I bethought me of a daring move.

By way of a preliminary explanation, I must record that my father's study was a sacred and inviolate spot. My mother had early instilled into all of us a quite wholesome awe and respect of this sequestered spot.

My father's study must be respected and no intrusive foot set within it, unbid.

In this study, seen only on formal occasions, there was, among other curious objects, a long-stemmed, imposing looking *pipe*. Such a pipe, surely, as only a man of undisputed parts might smoke. To smoke that pipe, nonchalantly and at ease, inhaling prodigious mouthfuls and lungfuls of dense smoke, slowly expelling them as I had seen my father do, not without reverence, there, most emphatically, most certainly, would be a feat that would bring the unyielding Maria abjectly to my kingly feet.

Then, certainly, would I have asserted my dominance, my right to allegiance, respect and even servility. I would become, on a stroke, the master of my small following.

I schemed with cunning and also, I will now admit, with considerable foreboding. Well I knew what *my* lot would be if I were discovered in this double sin!

But the delicious thought of the capitulation of Maria was stronger than my fear of consequences. If I had had to walk past the most hideous dragons of the Italian fairy tales, I believe I would have done so in the strength of my desire.

I told Maria what I was about to do.

She didn't believe me. She even derided me a little, as who should say that I would never dare!

The tinder to the spark!

I awaited the day when my father should have gone out, and my mother be safely occupied in some quite other portion of the house.

That day came—and, dragging the reluctantly admiring Maria back of me, I invaded the study.

There, as if for the specific purpose of temptation, lay the long and sinister-appearing pipe on my father's study table.

I picked it up, found it ready for lighting, lit, and lolled back in the chair by the table, in the most approved and masculine of fashions.

All was going as I had dreamed and planned. I inhaled the prodigious lungfuls of smoke, I expelled them again, half closing my eyes the while, as if this little act was but a usual interlude with me in an otherwise importantly busy day. I had the transfiguring pleasure of knowing that Maria's eyes were upon me the while, intently, begrudgingly according me a slowly forming admiration.

I began evolving sundry small tyrannies which I would put into effect the instant I should have quitted this room . . . when . . . but more anon . . . Natacha tells me that we have a caller . . .

Back to Rudy's childhood, his boyish pranks. Follow the famous star's adventures in next week's Movie Weekly.

What Evil Influence Wrecks Homes of Moviedom

(*Continued from page 9*)

And mention of marriages should necessarily include Conway Tearle, whose present wife, Adele Rowland, is his third. James Kirkwood also took his third bride recently, in the person of Lila Lee.

Kenneth Harlan was divorced about a year or so ago from Flo Hart, as was Corinne Griffith from Webster Campbell, Alice Brady from James Crane, and Monte Blue from his wife.

All in all, it seems that there is some sinister influence that militates against the happiness of wedded movie stars. Perhaps it is largely a matter of temperament; perhaps it is the hazards of the profession—being thrown into contact with others' husbands and wives. Perhaps—well, one might go on "perhaps-ing" with all sorts of theories without getting anywhere. The real question is, what's the solution?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of MOVIE WEEKLY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924.

State of New York,
County of New York. } ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared David A. Balch, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Movie-Weekly and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Movie Weekly Publishing Corp., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Editor, David A. Balch, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual, his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual, the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation, the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given). Owner, Movie Weekly Publishing Corp., 1925 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Stockholder, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.; Bernarr Macfadden, West Nyack, New York; O. J. Elder, 95 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

DAVID A. BALCH,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 28th day of March, 1924.

BELLE LANDESMAN.

My commission expires March 30, 1924.

The White Sin

(Continued from page 20)

"What a wild crowd!" Grace laughed, as she told Hattie Lou where to place various of her things.

"They—they haven't been drinking, have they?" Hattie Lou asked nervously.

"I'm afraid some of them have, Hattie," Grace answered with a twinkling eye.

Hattie Lou sighed as she put some of Grace's scented lingerie away in a chest of drawers built into one end of the luxurious stateroom. She knew it was done, this drinking, but it disturbed her a little to think that she should be a party to it and to all the looseness it provoked, even in so indirect a manner.

Grace left Hattie Lou after a time, going on deck to join the others. Hattie Lou seated herself in a comfortable chair and commenced to read—thankful that she was not one of the roistering party above.

As she sat there thus silently engaged, the head of Preston Van Gore softly insinuated itself around the end of the door.

"I just dropped down," he said a trifle huskily, "to see if you wouldn't have one of these."

From back of him he suddenly produced a long-stemmed glass containing a liquid that looked like frosted orange juice. Caution reared its head instantly in Hattie Lou's nature.

"What is it?" she asked suspiciously.

Van Gore laughed a bit uncertainly.

"It—it's a Bronx," he answered.

Hattie Lou looked blankly back at him.

"A Bronx!" she repeated. "What's that?"

Van Gore laughed, and Hattie Lou again saw the beady glitter in his eyes that she so often had seen there before.

"It's a cocktail," he replied.

Hattie Lou could have shrunk physically against the wall of the cabin. She knew that people got drunk from cocktails and that, at least so far as she was concerned, they were not things to drink.

"Thank you," she said at length, "but I never touch anything like that. I've never learned to drink liquor. I've never tried."

"Don't you want to try?" Van Gore persisted, extending the glass still farther toward her.

"No, thank you," she said, quite firmly.

Van Gore, after another beady glance, withdrew the glass and with a murmured "I'm sorry," he was gone.

A halt came later in the day in the party's sailing plans. Some repairs were necessary to the yacht's engines that would delay them that day, but no more. It would be possible, the Captain said, to leave that night. After a hurried consultation and debate as to the desirability of a nearby yacht club dance, it was decided to leave on the following morning, instead of at night. It could as easily be done and it would be better.

The afternoon passed uneventfully for Hattie Lou. She talked a little with the yacht's captain, while the entire party was ashore, and found herself wondering what Aunt Cynthia would do after she read the note that she had left for her. The thought that the querulous, aged spinster would not mourn her departure by so much as a qualm of passing regret, made Hattie Lou a little sad. And then there was Ginger, too. She felt certain that Ginger would grieve over her going.

The party returned at six, more flushed with drinking than ever, and after a boisterous supper in the yacht's cabin, they dressed for the dance in the neighboring yacht club. Hattie Lou saw all this with the impersonal detachment of a spectator, as she helped Grace Van Gore dress and smelled the liquor on her breath. Almost—but not quite—did she regret that she had come.

The party deserted the yacht club early, directly, as it happened, after the boat had been pronounced fit for her sea trip by the Captain. Again Hattie Lou was left alone, but she relished this more now even than the nearby presence of the others. At nine she thought of retiring and lay aside the book she was reading to sleep for the first time in her life on water. A choppy sea had arisen without and the boat's engines now throbbed softly with full steam up.

A distant rumble of footsteps overhead informed Hattie Lou that some of the party had returned from the dance. A moment later she heard her name called down the companionway. It was Preston Van Gore.

"Hattie Lou," he said softly. "Come here a moment."

Hattie Lou went slowly to the companionway, where Preston Van Gore waited for her in the dark. A slight, quaking timidity held possession of her, for she had no idea what Preston wanted. He was not long, however, in letting her know.

"Hattie," he said softly in the darkness, "I wanted to take this opportunity, when there were no others around, of telling you that I've loved you for a long, long time. Could you learn, do you think, to love me?"

The proposal had almost a stunning effect upon Hattie Lou—inexperienced as she was in affairs of the heart. Although she had never liked Preston Van Gore particularly, neither had she disliked him, and she felt herself now somewhat drawn to him by the open simplicity of his speech. She was in this attitude of mind when suddenly, in the darkness, he seized and kissed her. It was as surprising to Hattie Lou as his original declaration of love, but she did not find it unpleasant.

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured.

She had a vision—panorama-like—of the Van Gore wealth and social position in Farm Center. As the wife of Preston Van Gore, what might she not be? She trembled at the thought.

"Hattie!" Preston was pleading. "Will you do it? The Captain is above now and he can perform the ceremony. Then, when the others come back—we'll be man and wife."

Hattie Lou wavered. She liked the boy before her as much, so far as she knew, as she would ever like anyone. So why not? . . .

"You'll have to wait until I change my dress," she whispered.

With another kiss, Preston left her and Hattie Lou, her heart thumping madly, commenced to change to the one good dress she possessed. Presently, by the rhythmic beat of the engines and the slight swaying of the yacht, she had a presentiment that the boat was putting out to sea. They were trying out the engines, probably, she surmised, in preparation for the trip.

She went above when she had dressed and found Preston in the cabin with one of the young men of the party. Only the Captain seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion. He stood before Hattie Lou and Preston Van Gore, Bible in hand, and gravely pronounced them man and wife. The words thrilled Hattie Lou. She had dreamed that some time in her life this very moment would come and it moved her deeply to think that the moment was now at hand. She let Preston lead her away from the others and embrace her the moment they were alone.

Poor little Hattie Lou had not the vaguest suspicion that her marriage was not a legal one or that she had been made the victim of an unscrupulous man.

How did Hattie Lou, once she had discovered the deception played upon her, pick up the broken pieces of her love and life and bear them, grief-stricken, away? Read next week's Movie Weekly.

Yellow Stained Teeth Bleached White New Safe Way

No more dark, discolored, spotted or tobacco stained teeth. Bleachodent Combination costs only few cents and removes unsightly stains in three minutes at home. Leaves teeth flashing white, lustrous, clean. Recommended everywhere as quicker, surer, safer than old harmful, dangerous scouring. Fine for children's soft, sensitive teeth. No effect on enamel. Bleachodent Combination contains liquid to loosen stain coats and special paste which gently removes them. Paste keeps new stains from forming. Be sure to ask for Bleachodent Combination. Distributed by Bleachodent Dental Laboratories, and sold by drug and department stores everywhere.

HAVE PRETTY FEET!

Wear dainty, stylish pumps

You needn't put up with the torture of Bunions a minute longer! My great discovery has banished the disfiguring hump for thousands of grateful women. *"Pretty-Feet"* relieves, beautifies like magic!

No More BUNIONS!

"Pretty-Feet" is guaranteed to stop the pain instantly—to dissolve the bunion hump painlessly, pleasantly, harmlessly. No stain, no plasters. Easy to use. Has never failed, so I offer you a FREE TRIAL if you write at once!

SENT ON TRIAL! Simply say, "I want to try PRETTY FEET." No obligation, no risk. Tell your suffering friends. Communications confidential. Plain package. Write now!

PROF. CONKLIN World's Greatest Corn and Bunion Specialist. Dept. 112-1901 Hervey St., Chicago

OVER A FOOT TALL

She Talks and Walks and Sleeps

Wonderful Talking and Walking Doll Free

HELLO GIRLS!

"My name is Polly Ann. What's your name?

"I'd like to get acquainted with you and come and live at your house. Would you like to have me? We would play all day long and have ever so much fun. Please want me.

"I'm a big talking and walking doll. I'm over a foot tall.; I can say 'Mama' and if you hold me I will walk with you. My eyes close and go to sleep when you lay me down. My hair is bobbed and you can comb it like a real baby's.

"When I come to you I am dressed in a pretty romper suit with bonnet to match, shoes and stockings; but when we go visiting you can dress me in party clothes. I think you will like me best dressed in my rompers all ready to play with you.

"If you want me to come and be your own dolly, be sure to write Aunt Tillie. Do this for me today. Please do."

We have already given away thousands of dolls. Now we will send this big beautiful doll free to advertise our business—a favor you can easily do. Write me today.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

16	15	12	12	25	1	14	14

What two words do these figures spell? The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, etc. Can you make out the two words? Send your answer today.

Send No Money Not a penny of your money is wanted now or later. Just write your answer to the puzzle and send your name and address. I will at once send you our Big Free Doll Offer. You can soon have Polly Ann. Send your answer today.

AUNT TILLIE, 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 2522, Chicago, Ill.

The two words are.......................................Please send at once your Big Free Doll Offer. (Write plainly.)

Name ....

Address ....

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

I will tell ye FREE

Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, inclose twelve cents (coin preferred) and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to inclose 12c. Print correct name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. MK, New York

Try This on Your Hair 15 Days

JUEL DENN

Then let your mirror prove results Write Today for FREE Trial Offer. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald, for there is a way to destroy the microbe that destroys the hair. This different method will stop thinning out of the hair, lifeless hair, remove dandruff, itching, darken gray hair or threatened or increasing baldness, by strengthening and prolonging life of the hair for men and women. Send your name now before it is too late for the 15 days' free trial offer.

AYMES CO., 3932 N. Robey St., M 398, Chicago

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
206 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

$1 MAH JONG SET

in brilliant colors, 144 Tiles, 116 Counters, Racks, Dice, Patented, Perpetual, Magic Mah Jong Score Card, complete with instructions and rules, all in attractive box, sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. (Canada 25 cents extra.) *The most remarkable value ever offered* for this fascinating, interesting game.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., Desk 51,
110 West 40th Street New York City

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them with a Veil; Remove Them with Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Mrs. Fannie Jones Did It

She Turned Her Spare Time Into Money and So Can You

Many years ago, Mrs. Fannie Jones, the lady of this picture, entered upon her quest for an Independent Income. Of all the things she tried, nothing gave her so much pleasure or returned such satisfactory profits as did her work as a special subscription representative for the popular Macfadden Publications.

With us, Mrs. Jones has realized her ambitions. She has work that is pleasant—work which she can pick up and drop at will—and work that pays her enough to live on and save besides.

Are you interested in an independent income? We have a place on our staff for you, if you are. And the work can be done right in your own locality. If you can use $25—$50 or even $100 extra each month, you should write us at once for particulars of our plan.

Subscription Agency Department

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Studio News Notes

Speaking of Miss Windsor, it looks now as though she would not, after all, marry John Steel, the noted tenor. Since coming from abroad, the affair seems to have cooled. Miss Windsor would say nothing except:

"I don't think separations are a good thing in matters of this kind. No, I'm not thinking of marrying anybody at this time."

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Looking forward to taking the trip to Europe together are Carmel Myers, Carmel's mamma, and Gertrude Olmstead. Carmel and Gertrude are to play in "Ben Hur," and are to make their scenes, for the most part, in the Holy Land. They are to leave Los Angeles about the middle of May.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Over at the Athletic Club, the other day, a group of men, including Lew Cody, were chatting together. Somebody said:

"I heard the funniest story about a woman the other day!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Lew. "You may be speaking of one of my wives!"

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Lady Luck certainly stubbed her toe the other day, so far as William Russell is concerned. She fell, not for Billy, but to spite him, he says.

The picture star owns a number of racing horses, and one of them, an especial favorite, was sent down to Tia Juana for the races on a Saturday. But just before the horse entered the ring, Russell was offered $10,000 for him. He refused. The horse started to run, was forced into the fence, fell and broke a leg, and had to be shot at once.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Report is to the effect that Sam Wood is to leave Paramount and is to make his own productions. Dorothy Mackaill, according to present plans, is to star in these productions.

Miss Mackaill at present is playing the leading feminine role in "The Man Who Came Back," with Fox.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Poor Dorothy Phillips! The old saying, "Misfortunes never come singly," has certainly held good in her case. Just as she was trying to bear up under the great grief of the death of her husband, Allen Holubar, she was painfully injured in an automobile accident and forced to go to the hospital for several days.

She was driving with Mrs. Sistrom, a friend, one evening, when a truck ran into her car and overturned it. While Miss Phillips' injuries were not serious, they were very painful; and coming, just as the accident did, on top of her domestic tragedy, it does seem as if Dorothy were having her troubles laid on a bit thick.

Upon her recovery she expects to go on with the plans for her return to the screen.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Jack Mulhall, who recently played with Constance Talmadge in "The Goldfish," sprang a good one on Connie one day recently on the set. His story was about a group of Scotch tourists who were being conducted over Nelson's flagship. After going over the vessel from stem to stern, the guide halted them impressively.

"This," he said with haughty grandeur, "is the tablet where Nelson fell." He bared his head.

And suddenly a voice in the crowd piped up:

"Aye, aye! Only just now I slipped on the dom thing and like to broke my neck!"

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

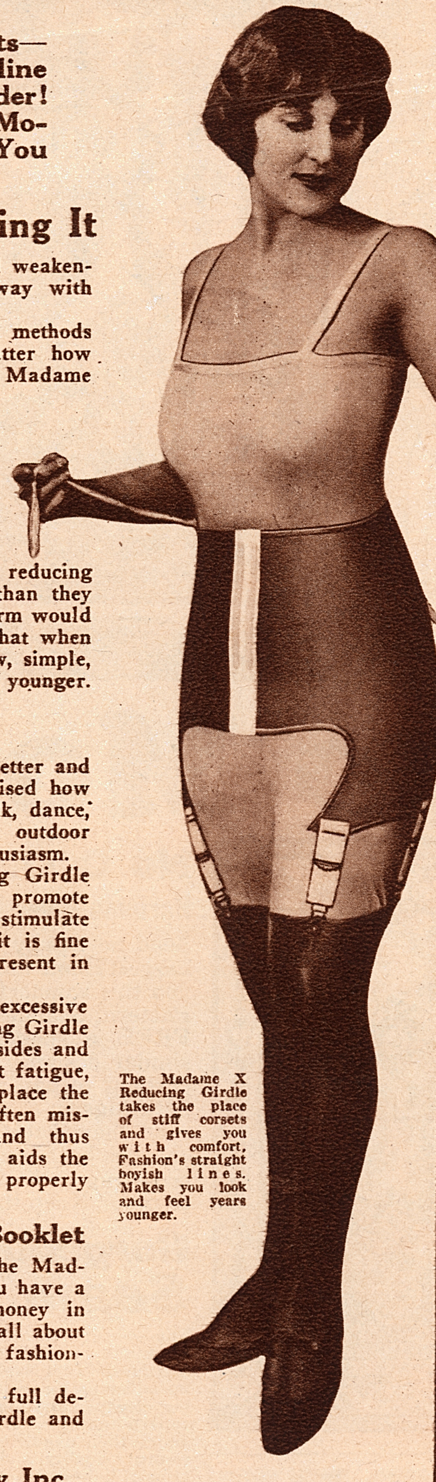
Ed Wynn, the famous stage comedian, recently visited Hollywood and stopped in to see Maurice Tourneur at the United Studios, where he was making "Torment," a new Levee production.

As he entered the stage, a terrific crash assailed his ears. The walls caved in about him, the chandeliers came hurtling to the floor, and marble pillars tumbled over. Cries of horror rent the air, and Ed Wynn was told that it was an earthquake scene.

"And yet this is the *silent* drama!" exclaimed the comedian.

New Youth-Giving Girdle Reduces Waist and Hips —*Almost While You Wait!*

The Instant You Put on This New Girdle—Worn in Place of Stiff Corsets—the Bulky Fat on Waist and Hips Seems to Vanish, the Waistline Lengthens, and Your Body Becomes Erect, Graceful, Youthfully Slender! And Then, With Every Step, With Every Breath, With Every Little Motion, it Gently Massages Away the Useless Disfiguring Fat—and You Look and Feel Many Years Younger!



The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger.

Lose Weight Every Day—And Look Thin While Doing It

NOW women can have the youthful, boyish-looking figure that present day fashions call for. You can now wear all the stylish, becoming clothes your heart desires without worrying about a clumsy waistline and bulging hips. For there has now been perfected a new kind of girdle that not only instantly represses all offensive, disfiguring, useless fat, making your figure appear wonderfully slender, youthful and attractive—but which actually massages away the fat, enabling you to lose weight every day, *without any effort at all on your part!*

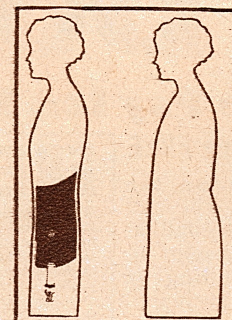
And you need not make a single change in your present mode of living to secure these amazing results. No heart-straining exercises; no starving diets, no harmful medicines; no bitter self-denials which result in nothing but a drawn, haggard expression and an irritable disposition. For with this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, all the usual tortures and weakening measures of reducing are done away with forever.

No matter how many other reducing methods you have tried without results; no matter how heavy your waist or hips may be—the Madame X Reducing Girdle is guaranteed to take off the excess fat—and make you look inches thinner while doing so or it won't cost you a cent. This marvelous new invention produces the same results as an expert masseur—yet it does it so gently you hardly feel it.

The appearance of youth is one of the most delightful results of this new reducing girdle. Fat people always look older than they really are. Merely to secure a slender form would bring a more youthful appearance. So that when you reduce to normal weight, in this new, simple, fascinating way, you actually look years younger.

Who Else Wants a Youthful-Looking Figure—Instantly?

As the Madame X Reducing Girdle absolutely will not "ride up," it gives a much evener slenderness to your figure than regular corsets—minus all the agony and torture. Old-fashioned stiff corsets concealed fat in one place only to have it bulge and sag out in another place. But the Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything you have ever seen or tried. It not only draws in your waist and makes you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely. It completely smooths away the ugly fat, and gives those even, unbroken lines to the figure so that the smartest and most fashionable frocks and gowns can be worn by any woman with comfort and distinction.



Note The Difference

Illustrations show what wonderful improvements in figure can be secured by reduction of the waist and hips.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 15, even 25 pounds. It is made of the most resilient Para rubber, especially designed for reducing purposes, and is worn over the undergarment. The patented open front insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing makes belt easy to adjust as you become more slender. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and is so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually. The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective, that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Don't let excess fat shorten your life as it is shortening your breathing. Don't puff and tire easily over the least exertion.

Those who have worn the Madame X Reducing Girdle say that you feel like a new person when you put it on. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, and indulge in all outdoor sports with the old-time enthusiasm.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle has been found by many to promote digestion, soothe the nerves, stimulate circulation, and many say it is fine for constipation, so often present in persons inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excessive flesh, the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the sides and back, thus tending to prevent fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function properly again.

Mail Coupon Now for Free Booklet

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and learn all about this pleasant and easy way of becoming fashionably slender.

Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price and special trial offer.

The Thompson-Barlow Company, Inc., Dept. G-174 404 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

WARNING

Patents have been applied for covering the essential features of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and all infringers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

WHAT USERS SAY

Reduced Waist and Hips

"I received your Reducing Girdle, and I am very pleased with it. My waist measures 2 inches smaller and my hips 2 inches smaller."

Mrs. O. S., New York City

Nothing Equals It

"I am more than pleased with the girdle. For years I have been searching for a comfortable abdominal support, but have not until now found anything equal to the Madame X Girdle. The comfort it affords is priceless."

Mrs. A. C. L., Tacoma, Wash.

A Wonderful Thing

"I have not worn a corset since I received the belt and I feel wonderful and improved in figure. It is a wonderful thing for stout people to wear."

Mrs. J. I. W., New York City.

Quick Reduction

"I like it. I have taken 2 inches off my hips and 4 inches off my waist measure."

Mrs. S. W., Lakeport, N. H.

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

**The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc.
Dept. G-174, 404 Fourth Ave., N. Y.**

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State..............

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

No Money Down!

No C. O. D.—Nothing to Pay for Rug on Arrival

Hartman Gives You a 27x52 Inch Hearth Rug FREE

Send no money—only the coupon—and **Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World,** will send you this wonderful 9x12 foot, full room size, Medallion Pattern, Seamless Velvet Rug—and with it, absolutely FREE, a splendid 27x52-inch Velvet Hearth Rug of similar design. Nothing to pay for rugs on arrival—nothing to pay at any time for the smaller one. Use both rugs on *30 days' free trial*. Then, if not satisfied, send them back and Hartman will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, **pay only for the large rug** (a little every month). Take nearly a year to pay. Keep the small rug as a gift from Hartman.

Gorgeous Medallion Pattern Seamless Velvet Rug

This splendid 9x12-foot rug is so beautiful in design and coloring, so thick and so soft in texture, and so firm in weave that in appearance and durability it rivals costly imported rugs. Woven in a most artistic, medallion pattern with rich blending of tan, red, green and blue, giving elegance and dignity to the home. The small rug is of the same superb quality—similar in design. Put both rugs on your floor. Examine their exquisite velvet texture and their splendid weight and wearing quality, and enjoy the gorgeous color effects under all conditions of light—then decide. Only by this actual examination can you know the beauty and durability of these rugs.

FREE

With the 9x12 foot rug comes this little beauty. A 27x52-inch size rug of the same weave and coloring, same wonderful quality as the large one, only different in pattern. If you keep the large one, you pay nothing for this 27x52-inch rug. It is a GIFT from Hartman.

Nearly a Year to Pay

Use both rugs on *30 days' free trial*. Keep them only if you find them the most satisfactory rugs you have ever had, and the most amazing rug bargain you have ever been offered. You will never feel the cost, for you pay on Hartman's easy credit terms—and only for the large rug—nothing for the small one.

Order by No. 43FMA40. Price of 9x12-ft. Rug, $39.85. No Money Down. $4 Monthly. The 27x52-in. Rug Is FREE.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 6525 Copyright, 1924, by Hartman's, Chicago **Chicago**
The Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

FREE No-Money-Down Bargain Catalog

Most complete book of its kind ever issued. Over 300 pages (68 pages are in actual colors) of the world's greatest bargains in Furniture, carpets, rugs, sewing machines, silverware; also farm implements, accessories, etc. No money down. 30 days' free trial. Easy monthly terms. Opening an account with us is like opening a charge account at your local store, but you have nearly a year to pay at Hartman's. Ask for Catalog No. E 6525

Free Gifts This book explains all about Hartman's wonderful gift plan which brings you many splendid articles, such as glassware, dishes, silverware, toilet sets, jewelry, table linens, etc., absolutely FREE with purchases. Postal brings this big free catalog today. Write for it NOW.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

Coupon Below to Be Used Only in Ordering the Rug!

Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 6525 **Chicago, Illinois**

Send the

9x12-foot Medallion Pattern Seamless Velvet Rug No. 43FMA40, Price $39.85,

and with it, free, the 27x52-inch velvet rug. I am to pay nothing for the rugs on arrival—only the small freight charges. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If satisfied, I will send you $4.00 monthly until the full price of the 9x12-foot rug, $39.85, is paid. Will pay nothing at any time for the small rug. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied, after 30 days' free trial, I will ship both rugs back and you will pay transportation charges both ways.

Name..

R. F. D., Box No.
or Street and No. ....

Town..............................State..............

Occupation
of Head of Household..................................

This No-Money-Down Offer is Special to Readers of Movie Weekly This Issue-Only

MABEL NORMAND ASKS AN AMAZING QUESTION– Page 4

MovieWeekly

April 19, 1924

10¢

Rex Ingram tells "Why I am Leaving the Screen!"

My New Leading Lady by Charlie Chaplin

Gladys Quartaro
Photo by RUSSELL BALL

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026